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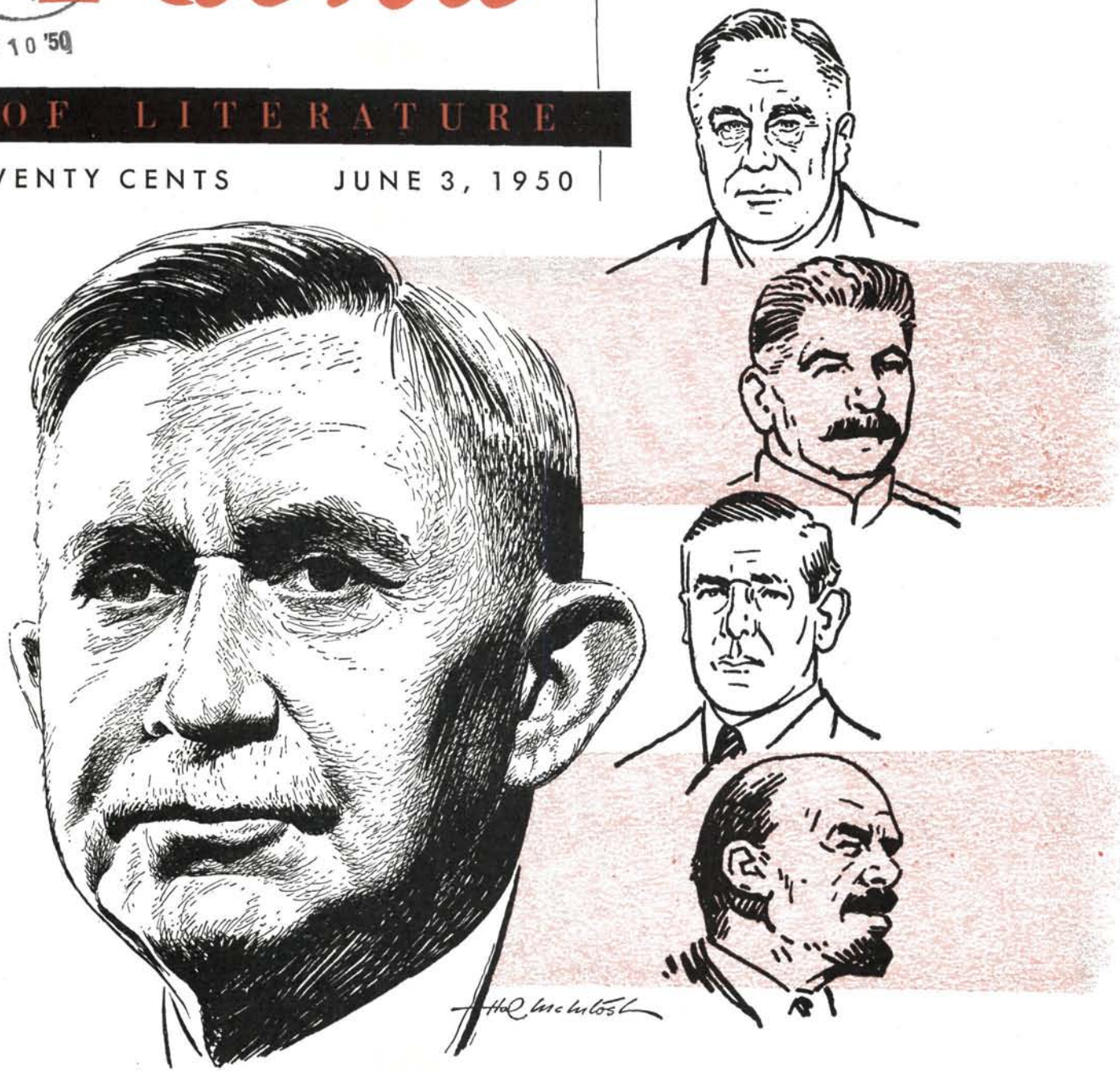

Gerald W. Johnson, author of "Incredible Tale." *(See page 8)*

Is History Bunk?

By RAYMOND SWING

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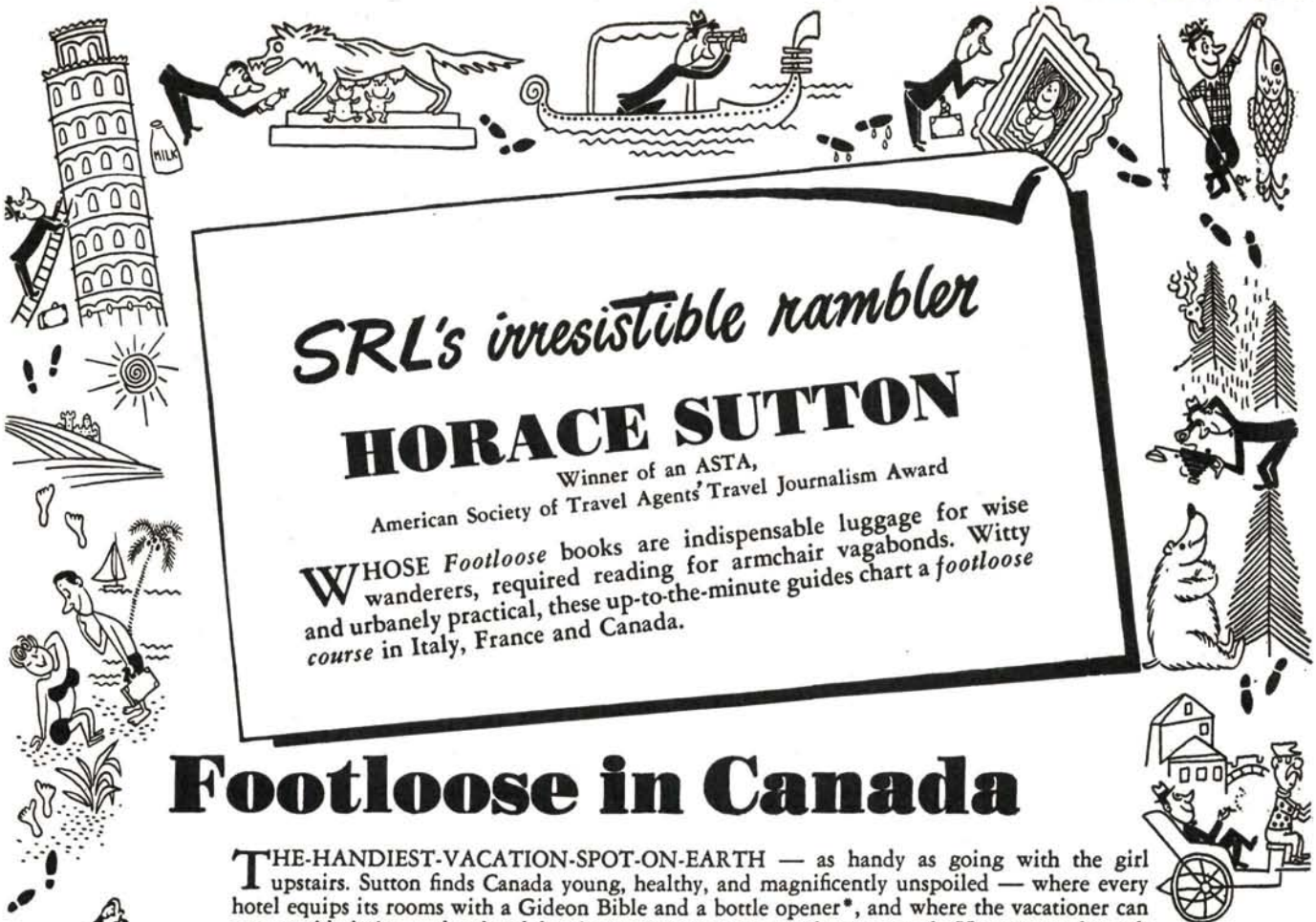

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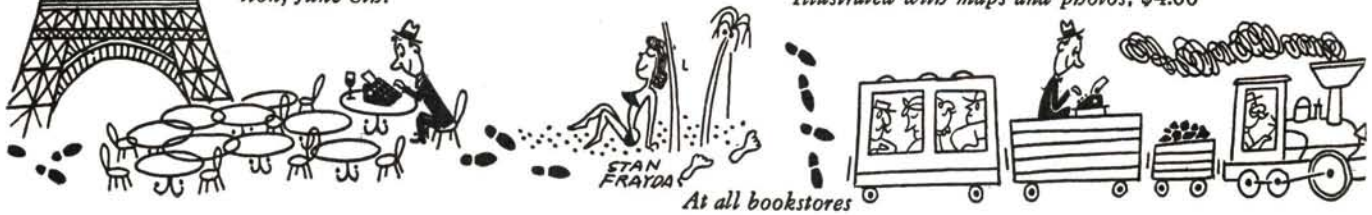

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This Week

June 3, 1950

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh

Articles

Page

Is History Bunk?
By Raymond Swing..... 6

Emily Dickinson: The Prisms of a Poet
By Thomas H. Johnson.....16

Reviews

Incredible Tale
Reviewed by Lloyd Morris..... 8

Roosevelt in Retrospect
Reviewed by Ernest K. Lindley.... 9

Unions Before the Bar
Reviewed by Richard B. Morris....10

An Anatomy of American Politics
Reviewed by Richard C. Snyder....11

The Old Man of the Mountain
Reviewed by William Peden.....12

A Woman of Means
Reviewed by Evelyn Eaton.....13

Main Line
Reviewed by Sara Lorimer.....13

The Company of Men
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman....14

Guns Wanted
Reviewed by George Woodcock....15

The Survivors
Reviewed by Joseph M. Grant.....15

Pushkin
Reviewed by John Cournos.....17

The Borzoi Turgenev
Reviewed by Ernest J. Simmons....18

Proust: Portrait of a Genius
Reviewed by Henri M. Peyre.....19

Shriek with Pleasure
Reviewed by Patricia Highsmith....31

Six Centuries of French Master Drawings in America
Reviewed by A. Hyatt Mayor.....36

Departments

Trade Winds
By Bennett Cerf..... 4

Literary Crypt.....20

Literary I.Q.....21

Editorial 22

Letters to the Editor.....24

Music to My Ears
By Irving Kolodin.....27

Seeing Things
By John Mason Brown.....28

Booked for Travel
By Horace Sutton.....33

The Fine Arts
By James Thrall Soby.....34

The New Recordings
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....40

Double-Crostic No. 845.....43

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TRADE Winds

IF THERE IS a more beautiful train ride in America than the trip from Denver to Salt Lake City via the new vista-domed Western Pacific streamliner, I never have seen it. Winding through the canyons of the Colorado River in daylight is a breathtaking experience and, as an added dividend, the train stops at Glenwood Springs, gateway to Aspen, ski paradise and birthplace of *New Yorker* Editor Harold Ross. If you're lucky, you may see an international slalom champion alight from the train. One even more fortunate voyager bumped into Sonja Henie. The luckiest of all—this is almost too much to hope for—met Harold Ross himself. . . .

BRIGHAM YOUNG led his band of Mormon followers into the Salt Lake Valley on July 24, 1847; by the time this remarkable man died thirty years later Utah was a prosperous territory and the Mormon religion forever entrenched therein. Today about 60 per cent of the state's population is Mormon. All the rest are lumped together under the general heading of "gentiles." This led Israel's Prime Minister Ben Gurion, when England's foreign office expressed doubt that Jews and Arabs ever could work out a peace agreement, to suggest, "Let's hold the conference in Salt Lake City: all of us will be gentiles there!" The city is laid out foursquare with the compass, its streets broad and tree-lined, with most of them affording a vista of the surrounding Wasatch Mountains. The most desirable property, including the biggest hotel, the biggest department store, the biggest book store, and the daily *Deseret News* (now celebrating its hundredth anniversary), belongs to the Mormon Church. . . .

TO MILLIONS of Americans the word "Mormon" still suggests polygamy. That practice was never even mentioned, however, when Joseph Smith first published the Book of Mormon—in an edition of 5,000 copies—in Palmyra, New York, in 1830. It was not until 1843, when the Church was located in Nauvoo, Illinois, that Smith received additional "revelations" sanctifying plural marriages. It was a case of economic necessity rather than moral turpitude: women in the cult outnumbered the men by a wide margin. When the Mormons outlawed plural marriage in 1890, realizing that they could never win statehood—or even live in peace with the rest of the country—unless they took this step, less than 3 per cent of the Church members actually had plural wives. Brigham Young himself had twenty-seven. That's probably what gave the rest of the country its exaggerated notions. When he died seventeen of the wives survived him—also forty-seven children. One of his few mistakes was the conviction that seven of his wives could live amicably in the same house. He soon abandoned that notion, though, remarkably enough, the house itself is still standing. . . .

"I tell you it's in the contract, Harry—she takes her royalties out in hors d'oeuvres."

AT NOON EACH DAY tourists are invited to hear a recital on one of the country's biggest and most famous organs (it has 6,868 pipes), at the conclusion of which they can satisfy themselves that in this remarkable tabernacle they actually can hear a pin dropped 200 feet away. (What my wife heard was "They ought to play 'Oh What a Beautiful Mormon.'") The Temple next door is taboo to gentiles. John Gunther says that Sinclair Lewis once was determined to see the interior of the Temple. He begged a high Church dignitary to make the necessary arrangements. The dignitary said, "Consider it done. All you have to do, Mr. Lewis, is adhere to the faith, foreswear alcohol and tobacco, and donate to the Church one-tenth of your income in perpetuity."

STRICT MORMONS really do turn their backs on alcohol and tobacco, and even frown at coffee, though backsliders (nicknamed "Jack Mormons") get a little absent-minded about the rule now and then. At a reception that followed my lecture at the University of Utah I noticed that only lemonade and cookies were served—and nobody smoked. Surprisingly enough, this did not put a damper on the proceedings. It was gayer than many parties I've attended where the guests were passing out under the tables or choking over clouds of cigarette smoke. Many of the healthiest and most jovial participants seemed older than the pitchers the New York Giants pick up when other clubs give up on them. (Horrible thought: does temperance *really* pay?) . . . Harold Bentley, now dean of Utah's summer school and director of the new University of Utah Press, looked a lot happier than he ever did in his years at the Columbia Book Store. And Mrs. A. Ray Olpin, wife of the president, danced as well as Ginger Rogers. . . .

THE BOOKS CHOSEN for display in the windows of the Deseret Book Store gave pause to this New Yorker, but Manager Axel Andreson quickly put me at ease. The store exudes prosperity. Other crackerjack book outlets in Salt Lake City are Wilson's (described in detail in the current *Retail Bookseller*) and Zion's, whose dynamic proprietor, Sam Weller, was eulogized in TRADE WINDS some months ago. . . . Sam drove my wife and me up Bingham Canyon to see the Utah Copper Company's fabulous open

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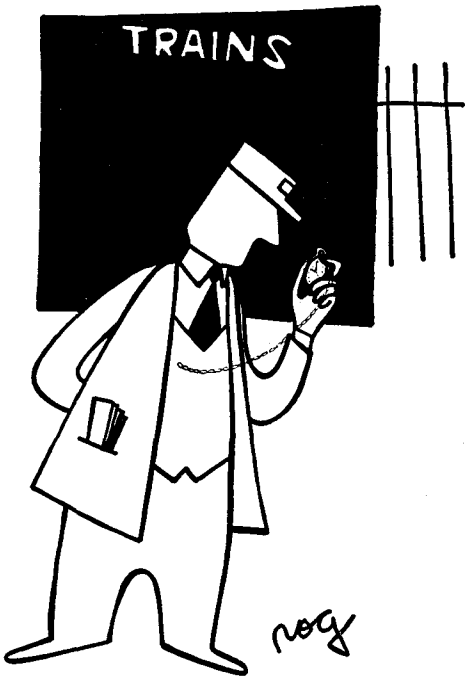

mine, the biggest in the world. Tiny electric trains transport ore from fully forty levels of this mine; it has produced over five billion pounds of copper in the past forty-five years, with countless billions still to be blasted out. It is one of the few treasures of Utah that eluded the Mormons (the founding fathers were short-sighted when it came to mining); Kennecott owns it all today. The late Sam Untermeyer received what is reputed to be the largest fee ever paid a lawyer for setting up the deal. . . .

IT WAS IN UTAH that the last spike was driven in America's first railroad to the Pacific — at Promontory on May 10, 1869, but history books have spared us some of the less glamorous details. In the first place, the Union Pacific special from the East was held up by floods and arrived three days late. Chinese laborers on the Central Pacific and the Irishmen who had laid the tracks for the U.P. amused themselves in the interim by taking pot shots at one another. There were some forty casualties, including one innocent bystander from San Francisco. In the second place, the ceremonies dragged on too long; the crowd shivered in an icy wind and drifted away before the climax. In the third place, Governor Leland Stanford of California, chosen to drive in the last golden spike (it was removed immediately), lifted his head on the backswing, missed the spike entirely, and fell on his face in the mud. An alert telegrapher, however, simulated the blow with his key, and a waiting multitude on both coasts (including Wall Street) cheered the completion of the first transcontinental railroad span. Luckily for Governor Stanford, television was still eighty years away. . . .

UTAH'S BEAUTIFUL state capitol, whose construction was facilitated by very generous donations by Harriman interests and the Union Pacific, boasts one of Rockwell Kent's finest paintings. Kent had been booked to lecture in Salt Lake City one year on the last day of November but blew into town a full twenty-four hours late. It developed that he had forgotten his nursery rhyme and was arriving on what he fondly believed to be November thirty-first. In penance he donated his painting "Dennis" to the state. . . . "Be sure to mention in TRADE WINDS the names of distinguished writers who were born or educated in Utah," I was instructed while waiting for the Los Angeles train. The list given to me comprised —in the following order—Benny de Voto, Bill Haywood, Channing Pollock, Phyllis McGinley, Vardis Fisher, Otto Harbach, Wallace Stegner, Nym Wales, and Whit Burnett—an array which, like democracy, is certainly "full of variety and disorder." . . .

MENTION OF THE NAME of Whit Burnett reminds me of an unfortunate incident that befell the distinguished editor of *Story* when he acquired a new home in the suburbs. He and his beautiful bride, Hallie, had redecorated the house completely and made several structural changes as well, and Mr. Blandings had nothing on them before they were finished. At last, however, the day arrived when they could move in. Only one thing was missing to make their happiness complete: a baby-grand piano. And two days later Whit found the instrument he had been seeking. "I've bought it," he phoned his wife ecstatically, "and they're delivering it immediately."

Then came the trouble. The door wasn't big enough to permit entry of the piano, nor the stairs wide enough to carry it aloft. Undaunted, Burnett cried, "Tear down a wall of the house. I must have that piano and none other. Its tone is priceless. Get it up to my drawing room and hang the expense." Stoically, he and Hallie watched while the newly painted wall of the house was ripped away. That night they retired amidst considerable rubble and confusion—but the piano was where they wanted it and the wall was back in place. Early the next morning the phone rang. It was the manager of the store where Whit had discovered his precious instrument. "I'm terribly sorry," lamented the manager, "but there's been a mistake made down here. It seems we shipped you the wrong piano."

—BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Is History Bunk?

By RAYMOND SWING

Raymond Swing

I DO not know the circumstances under which Henry Ford said that "history is bunk" or what particular discovery adduced the observation. All I know is that I set down Henry Ford to be an anti-intellectual lout for saying it. Now I confess I may have been mistaken. Like so many others these days, I have been watching history being made. I have seen instance after instance in which what happened need not have happened or at any rate did not obviously express a basic force that inevitably produced it. I also have realized that I have not known precisely what produced an event before my eyes. I also appreciate that nobody ever will know all about it, certainly not a writer of history living at a later time. To be sure, the historian will have access to information not now disclosed to me, in the way that Robert Sherwood, with Harry Hopkins's papers in hand, could write a history of World War II immeasurably superior to anything any journalist in Washington could have produced during the war. The historian does have more of a certain kind of knowledge. But he also has less of another kind. He might not be able to write with any assurance if he were too acutely aware of what he did not know. The history he does write obviously is incomplete, hence in part incomprehended.

It may be that Henry Ford saw this clearly and was astonished to find a factual observation about history scorned as loutish. He may have seen as in a sudden vision that man and men, making decisions, are then bound by them and that the sum total of their decisions is history and that this history appears logical and indeed dominated by an unmistakable destiny. Then he may also have seen that each decision might quite easily have been otherwise so that all history would have been otherwise save for the makers of history being influenced by the most obscure causes. And he may have appreciated that the most minute and obscure causes are utterly unknown to the historian, who really has no accurate knowledge how a given action came to be produced or how close it came to being a wholly different action. Not only were unseen influences at work on the makers of history but on those who marked or molded the makers of history in their childhood or their private lives. The more one contemplates the innumerable turnings of the road not taken and the inscrutable forces at work in avoiding taking them the less didactic one will be about history having a discernible causation.

Let me be specific. The causes of the American Civil War are familiar to all. They include such determinants as economic rivalry between Northern industry and Southern agrarianism and the profound disagreement over state rights and the institution of slavery. But the history of the Civil War is also one of what individual men did and did not do. Thus the men who caused the firing on Ft. Sumter precipitated the war. Of all the individuals involved in this event four are notable though few histories mention them.

—*Acme.*

Henry Ford: "History is bunk."

TO understand this period it must be appreciated that the election of 1860 showed that all sections of public opinion in North and South were opposed to war. Not a single element or faction favored it and the 1860 election must count as one of the most one-sided referenda ever held. Hence Lincoln, though a minority President, in being opposed to war expressed a virtually unanimous desire of Americans. Then Ft. Sumter was fired on and the war became unavoidable. But firing on Ft. Sumter was not unavoidable. As I said, four men had a part in producing it, individuals so obscure that only specialists on that era have ever heard of them. In telling about them one comes to realize, if not why, then at least how history came to be made in the firing on Ft. Sumter.

President Lincoln wished to withdraw the Federal garrison from Ft. Sumter, but also felt that to do so would weaken Federal authority unless accompanied by an action strengthening it somewhere else. His duty, as he saw it, was to keep the authority undiminished. So if Sumter was to be evacuated—and it lay in the harbor of the chief city of the chief of the seceded states — some other Federal fort in the South should he reinforced. He obtained Cabinet approval for an expedition to reinforce Ft. Pickens, off the Florida coast, and a Capt. Adams was put in command of the expedition fitted out for this purpose. But Capt. Adams, on

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arriving at Ft. Pickens, learned that during the last months of the Buchanan Administration a secret agreement had been made not to strengthen the Pickens garrison because of the inflammatory effect feared from such an action. Told about this agreement, Capt. Adams took it upon himself to defy the instructions of his Commander-in-Chief and returned with his mission unfulfilled. Had he fulfilled it the garrison of Ft. Sumter would have been withdrawn and the fort would not have been fired upon.

But even this presumptuous naval officer did not make the firing inevitable. Three men were sent by the Confederate Government at Montgomery to negotiate with Major Anderson, commandant of Ft. Sumter, for his withdrawal. The garrison was near the end of its food supply and after Capt. Adams's failure it became essential to send in stores. A convoy was arranged for this purpose and President Lincoln took utmost pains that this convoy should not lead to fighting and so start a war. He sent a personal envoy to the governor of South Carolina telling him the convoy was coming, that it was bringing only food, and that no belligerent action would be taken if the convoy was not attacked. Major Anderson had instructions permitting him to withdraw if the food did not arrive in time. He so informed the three envoys from Montgomery when they called on him. But they tried to put pressure on him not to wait for food and without any authorization to do so in those terms they delivered an ultimatum calling on him to leave the fort in sixty minutes! He explained that under his orders he could not accept such terms but they were not changed and in sixty minutes the war had begun.

I AM not arguing that had these four men not been born there would have been no Civil War. I am not saying some other fort would not have been fired upon at another time with the same consequences. I simply say that this is the way the Civil War started. And if the firing on Ft. Sumter might have been avoided so might any subsequent event precipitating the war. Who can tell? All public opinion was against war; only a few hotheads wanted it. In retrospect one can hardly say the Civil War was worth what it cost since every positive result achieved in its course might have been won by peaceful means. Yet most historians do not write about the fortuitous way Ft. Sumter came to be fired upon or about the four men—or indeed only one, Capt. Adams—who precipitated it. A notable exception is J. C. Randall, to whose "Lincoln the President" I am indebted for these facts.

Surrendered German snipers in Normandy—"the invasion hung by a thread."

Another example of underemphasized and obscure history is to the point out of my own journalistic experience. I happen to have been eyewitness of one of the most decisive actions of World War I, the attempt of the Allied fleet to force the Dardanelles in March 1915. Had this succeeded, Constantinople would have fallen, Turkey would have withdrawn from the war, the German position on the Continent would have been flanked, and the war would probably have been won in 1916. Millions of men who died would have lived, the United States would not have entered the war, and there would not have been, in 1918 at any rate, the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia.

As an eyewitness of the attack on the Dardanelles forts—the greatest action of naval power against land fortifications in history up to that time—I must report that the action succeeded and that the Allied naval command abandoned its objective not knowing its own success. Had the fleet come back after the first day it could have finished reducing the forts and sweeping away remaining mines and sailed triumphantly to an undefended Constantinople. I say this because I was in the Turkish fort on the Asiatic side of the narrows—the main defense—when the Allied attack began, and I came back into the fort in the evening after the attack ended. The German gunners had worked hard but their earthen defenses were in ruins. Only two long-range guns still were usable and for these only some thirty-five shells remained. The fort across the narrows was completely wrecked, the lesser batteries down the bay were mostly stilled. The infantry which Liman von Sanders was to command in repelling the subsequent Gallipoli landing had not yet assembled. The road to Constantinople was open.

But the Allied fleet did not come back and its failure to do so is surely one of the most fateful decisions in our times. Here indeed history was made and the destiny of Europe and America determined. Here then is an opportunity for the historian to examine men, minds, and moments and illuminate not only how things happened but why. But little heed has been paid these decisive hours. It happens that Winston Churchill, author of the strategy of flanking Germany, was to suffer the greatest loss of prestige because it miscarried. His history of World War I also is the best source of information about what took place aboard the flagship *Suffren* of the Allied fleet the night of the first attack. In a midnight council the Allied naval command decided not to send the fleet back into the straits and this he relates in "The World Crisis."

On the morning after the attack I was under orders as a guest correspondent to be ready to retreat into Anatolia with the garrison when the fleet returned and finished the operation of forcing the straits. The little village of Chanak Kale was partially in ruins; its streets were clogged with debris. The fort could only have fired an hour or so with effectiveness and

(*Continued on page* 38)

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U.S.A. *Of all contemporary writers about the American scene none more nearly deserves the title of Democratic Liberal, bestowed upon him below by Lloyd Morris, than Gerald W. Johnson, who in his truly "Incredible Tale" writes brilliantly about the "immortality of the average man." This omnipotent fellow's course in the past fifty years has been altered by four men of tremendous power: Wilson, Lenin, F. D. Roosevelt, and Stalin. With these Mr. Johnson deals with artistic skill and historic sense—while John Gunther, reporter extraordinary, seeks in "Roosevelt in Retrospect" to simplify the complex personality of the one whom history conceivably may find the most important of them all. Both of these books, having been written with spirit and honesty, contribute immeasurably to our understanding of democratic United States as it has been, not without struggle, during the first chaotic half of the twentieth century.*

Odyssey of John Q. Public

INCREDIBLE TALE. By Gerald W. Johnson. New York: Harper & Bros. 301 pp. $3.50.

By Lloyd Morris

THE SUBTITLE of "Incredible Tale" declares its epic subject. In this vivid, absorbing, enlightening book, Mr. Johnson narrates "the Odyssey of the average American in the last half century." Here, for the first time, the history of our momentous era is interpreted in terms of its impact on the lives, the minds, and emotions of the plain people of this country. The people's leaders—great or otherwise—are mortal and pass from the scene. But the average man is immortal, Mr. Johnson holds. He is always on hand, not individually, but in the mass. Any hope for the future rests upon him. As a democratic liberal, Mr. Johnson believes that the average American will prove equal to the immense responsibilities which confront him now and will continue to afflict him for years to come. This faith rings out vigorously from the pages of "Incredible Tale" and is justified by the tale itself. For it is, obviously, the story of an education; the difficult education to which the plain people of the United States have been subjected during the past half century.

An American born in 1900, Mr. Johnson reminds us, has endured a variety of experiences unique in history. "His life has been attacked by armed enemies, his living has been attacked by impersonal economic forces, his moral certainties have been wrecked by science, art, philosophy, and, above all, by time and change." During his lifetime a world order has disintegrated, and civilization has been changed beyond recognition. There have been two global wars and five ancient empires have collapsed in ruins. Science has unlocked the basic power of the universe and today we face the dire consequences of that triumph. Meanwhile the course of everyone's existence has been altered by the emergence of four world figures, men of tremendous power: Wilson, Lenin, Franklin Roosevelt, and Stalin.

Two major themes, always in counterpoint, dominate Mr. Johnson's record of the Odyssey of the average American. One is the growing concern of the plain people with their government; the other, their expanding involvement in world affairs. Over the past fifty years, as Mr. Johnson shows with cumulative impressiveness, the American people have become increasingly determined to make democracy work in the United States and to forge their government into a potent instrument for the advancement of their collective welfare. Their resolution was expressed in the attack on privilege and "invisible government" in the era of Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt. It became articulate and forceful in the great reforms of Woodrow Wilson's first Administration. And since the inauguration of Franklin Roosevelt it has become the overriding issue of our national politics. Mr. Johnson's dramatic account of the gradual evolution of the concept of the "welfare state" in the minds of the American people is genuinely illuminating. As things stand today, he concludes, with democracy engaged in a worldwide contest with Communism, "democracy has won, at most, a chance to prove its ability to furnish the kind of gov-

THE AUTHOR: Gerald W. Johnson says he wrote "Incredible Tale" because "I feel that my generation has a unique position in the world that it is overlooking for the most part. I hope it may reduce somewhat the fears that are sweeping the country, that seem to me wholly unjustified." The book, his seventeenth, represents a distillation of his life's experience—a life that began nearly sixty years ago in Riverton, N. C. (pop. six kin), of which his grandfather was postmaster. Johnson père was a country newspaper editor, who sang Baptist hymns, tenor or bass as required, in a succession of North Carolina parishes. Gerald in footstep established the *Thomasville* (N. C.) *Davidsonian* at age twenty and three years later became music critic for the *Greensboro Daily News*, where, barring World War I service, he remained until 1924. The next year, then professor of journalism at the University of North Carolina, his first book was published. Other works followed in almost annual succession while he was editorial writer for the *Baltimore Evening Sun* and *Sun*, 1926-43. All are in an historical vein save "A Little Night-Music," the best known being "Roosevelt: Dictator or Democrat?" (translated into German, Portuguese, and [sic] English), "American Heroes and Hero-Worship," and since his retirement to free-lance, "Woodrow Wilson" (with the editors of *Look*) and "An Honorable Titan." No politician, he has continued to comment on critical issues in publications scholarly to slick, and currently finds himself—while collecting material for a book on 1812-61 Baltimore—"rattling about the state" lashing the Ober and Mundt bills. In 1946 Johnson, "a New-Dealer, a Bad-Dealer, but not a Double-Dealer Democrat," defined a liberal as "a man who is aware of perils ahead and therefore alert, but who is convinced that the opportunity is greater than the danger." Today he would amplify: "A liberal is a man who never overlooks the obvious facts and makes his political philosophy conform." —R. G.

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ernment that all men desire." It has not yet furnished it, even in the United States, except in a few aspects of life, Mr. Johnson acknowledges; and whether it can or will may depend on the rising generation.

Mr. Johnson is equally illuminating, vivid, and dramatic in presenting his second theme. The story of our rapidly expanding involvement in world affairs is nowhere told with greater clarity than in "Incredible Tale." We see the high purposes of Wilson deliberately wrecked in advance by Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge; we see the "criminal irresponsibility" of the American people during the era of Coolidge and Harding; the ignorance which prevented Americans from reckoning adequately with the potentialities of Lenin. The whole tragic course of failure is admirably explained and the present situation made comprehensible. But in the present situation, Mr. Johnson concludes, the United States has received "something rare in the history of nations—it is given a second chance." The average American, he believes, has glimpsed this opportunity and is now acting with greater wisdom than he possessed thirty years ago.

"Incredible Tale" should prove an invaluable text for the generation of Americans now entering their thirties. It is an eloquent and powerful book, wise, often witty, but above all a work of penetrating insight. No higher praise could be given it than to say that it explains us to ourselves. And this it does.

Lloyd Morris wrote "Not So Long Ago" and other historical works.

The Genuine FDR

ROOSEVELT IN RETROSPECT. By John Gunther. New York: Harper & Bros. 410 pp. $3.75.

By Ernest K. Lindley

WITH his customary acute eye for engaging detail, pertinent anecdote, and illuminating sidelight, John Gunther has put together a fascinating picture and appraisal of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Of the many who have written on this subject, Gunther is one of the few who did not know the late President well at first hand—he had met him only four or five times. The advantage inherent in this circumstance is objectivity. The inherent handicap for one who is attempting an intimate portrait is lack of a sure touch. Gunther has retained the advantage while surmounting the handicap.

He has drawn on nearly all the authentic Roosevelt literature and is the first to make use of the many postwar memoirs by Roosevelt's associates and of the recently published volumes of Roosevelt's letters in attempting an over-all estimate of the man. In addition, he talked with many other persons who knew Roosevelt or had contacts with him and had access to some unpublished documentary material. This gives the book a freshness which makes it well worth the attention of persons who feel that they already know the subject well. What is more important is that the character who emerges from Gunther's pages is the genuine Roosevelt in most of his variegated aspects.

Gunther realizes that Roosevelt was too complex to be explained by any simple formula. In trying to answer the central question, "What *made* Roosevelt what he was?," he contents himself with listing seven "factors which might be mentioned." Among these were that Roosevelt grew up slowly, without fear of authority (his father was an old man), that his social background gave him assurance, and that his triumph over infantile paralysis steeled his self-confidence.

Roosevelt's worst quality, in Gunther's opinion—and in the opinion of many who knew Roosevelt—was deviousness. He was, at times, vindictive. He sometimes broke promises. He could be flagrantly ungrateful and he had certain tendencies towards grandioseness. Gunther appropriately illustrates these faults, although he errs in implying that Roosevelt broke a promise, made through another Senator, to appoint Joseph T. Robinson, majority leader, to the Supreme Court. Robinson died in July 1937, before Roosevelt gave up his effort to enlarge the Supreme Court and named a successor to Justice Van Devanter. Roosevelt knew he would have to appoint Robinson even if there had been no promises; the Senate would have insisted on it. That was one reason why he still wanted the Court enlarged—so he could offset Robinson, a conservative, with more liberals.

Gunther's account of Roosevelt's attack of infantile paralysis in 1921 and his struggle to overcome its aftereffects is the most detailed yet published. It includes, among various new material, the medical records of the case and excerpts from correspondence among the physicians who treated him. One feared Roosevelt was doomed to be bedridden. He wrote:

> What I fear more than anything else is that we shall find a much more extensive involvement of the great back muscles than we have suspected . . . I feel so strongly . . . that the psychological factor in his management is paramount. He has such courage, such ambition, and yet at the same time such an extraordinarily sensitive emotional mechanism that it will take all the skill which we can muster to lead him successfully to a recognition of what he really faces without crushing him.

Fortunately, the muscles of his back resumed their normal functions and he recovered the use of his arms. His struggle to regain even partial use of his legs was long and grim. But Gunther, like others who made the search, was unable to find any-

"There are just a few simple questions we would like to ask you."

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one who can recall ever having heard Roosevelt refer to his disability except, rarely, in a matter-of-fact way.

Gunther also appears to have inquired intensively into the question of Roosevelt's health as President. He concludes that "unless I have been grossly deceived it can be stated categorically on the highest medical authority that:

1. Roosevelt never had a stroke until the one that carried him off.
2. He never had any malignancy.
3. The manner of his death was not anticipated by anybody. The family and his physicians were taken completely by surprise.
4. He died of a massive cerebral hemorrhage.
5. He might have lived years longer if he had [had] more rest.
6. For some time he had been suffering from a heart complaint but this ailment was responding well to treatment and was under control as long as he took good care of himself.
7. His old poliomyelitis had nothing to do with the fatal stroke.

These conclusions are supported by a mass of evidence and, so far as I know, there is none from any trustworthy source which conflicts with any of them. Roosevelt was far from well, however, during the fifteen months which preceded his death. Gunther has turned up some additional testimony on this point but is not satisfied that the whole truth has yet been told. He makes the guess that Roosevelt was suffering from chronic myocarditis. The official records, as published, do not contain this diagnosis and Roosevelt's official physician, Dr. Ross T. McIntire, still avers, without qualification, that the various examinations made by specialists revealed nothing more definite nor worse than "moderate arteriosclerosis." In any event, there was no doubt that Roosevelt needed rest. During the summer and early fall of 1944 he did cut down his work schedule and his condition showed improvement. Although he looked very weary at times he could still bounce back. After his re-election, however, while he was preparing for Yalta, he got out of hand. He often looked and acted like a very old man and his condition on January 20, his fourth inauguration, shocked and dismayed many.

Gunther touches upon several of the many controversial decisions of Roosevelt's Presidential career. He might well have skipped those which he lacked the space to treat fully although most of his judgments are in harmony with the bulk of the evidence available elsewhere. Taken as a whole, his portrait is superbly discerning and should be highly recommended to future generations as well as to the contemporary public.

Cavalcade of Labor Trials

UNIONS BEFORE THE BAR. By Elias Lieberman. New York: Harper & Bros. 371 pp. $5.

By Richard B. Morris

ALTHOUGH it is generally conceded that the day of the great trial lawyer with the agility of a Darrow or a Steuer belongs to a bygone era, there has been no noticeable decline in the public appetite for headline trials featuring less glamorous performers. Even in such specialized fields as labor law the annual appearance of beetle-browed John L. Lewis before the Federal courts is guaranteed to hold page one for many days. This growing interest in labor trials will continue so long as the public is more incensed by abuses on the part of labor than by abuses on the part of business. A reading of this volume of historic trials by a well-known labor lawyer should confirm the impression that labor's hard-won gains were generally scored in the teeth of both a hostile court and an uninformed and antagonistic public opinion.

Time was when a labor union could be certain of an unfair trial before a prejudiced court. Thanks to the more careful drafting of labor laws as well as to the omen of election returns, labor unions can now enter most courtrooms with a good deal of assurance that they will receive fair dealing. Nonetheless, the cavalcade of notable labor trials which Mr. Lieberman has painstakingly assembled and reviewed, from the prosecution of the Philadelphia cordwainers for union activity in 1805 down to very recent cases involving the closed shop, highlights the perils and pitfalls which befell American labor. Through the device of criminal conspiracy convictions or the issuance of injunctions, by a distorted application of the Sherman Act to labor unions, or through subverting the liberative intent of the Clayton Act, the courts have betrayed the kind of irresponsible power which led to the passage of the Norris-La Guardia anti-injunction law and the Wagner Act.

Despite its challenging theme this book misses fire because of its pedestrian and uninspired treatment. The labor specialist will find Charles O. Gregory's "Labor and the Law" a far more penetrating and brilliant analysis of most of the very same cases. The general public will find the book's dehumanized approach and its indifference to literary form an unenticing introduction to the evolution of labor's rights. We miss the tension of the judicial duel, the clash of strong

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"Bossism Is Bossism Whatever the Label."

personalities, the unpredictable consequences of rigorous cross-examination. We have no Q. and A. nor direct quotations from the great opinions which shaped labor history. Personalities like Recorder Levy, Rantoul, Shaw, Pullman, Debs, Gompers, Dietrich Loewe, Walter Gordon Merritt somehow never come to life in these pages.

This is a pity, as Mr. Lieberman has given us a sound analysis of the cases and has a message to which both labor and the general public should give heed. Tracing the developments of the labor movement over the last century and a half from open suppression of the trade-union movement to the stage of reluctant tolerance inaugurated by Chief Justice Shaw's path-breaking opinion in *Commonwealth* vs. *Hunt* (1842), the author depicts the era following the enactment of the Sherman Antitrust Act in 1890 as one of judicial prejudice. This black period in labor's history culminated in the *Danbury Hatters' Case*, labor's "battle of a century," dramatically retold in Donald Robinson's recent "Spotlight on a Union." For Mr. Lieberman the New Deal brought social recognition to labor, which now had acquired certain positive rights. Today the author sees a mature labor movement standing on the threshold of social responsibility. As regards minorities, Mr. Lieberman warns, labor must realize that "he who seeks justice must do justice." It must come to see, too, that the Government cannot stand aloof in great industrial conflicts involving national emergencies. "Power," says Mr. Lieberman, "must bring responsibility, and the degree of responsibility must be commensurate with the degree of power a group enjoys."

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The Executive, Legislative & Judicial

AN ANATOMY OF AMERICAN POLITICS. By Arthur Bernon Tourtellot. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 349 pp. $3.

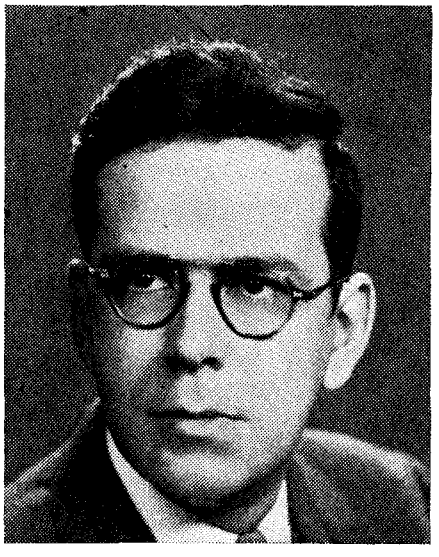
By Richard C. Snyder

IF IT BE true that "where there is no vision the people perish," then the security of American society depends upon a re-examination of its values and institutions. Mr. Tourtellot's lively yet conventional book concerns one aspect of such a re-examination, the machinery of American politics. His analysis is focused on the Presidency, Congress, the Supreme Court, parties, and the electoral system. Undergirded by rich historical materials, the nature, development, and present role of each is discussed.

The recipe set forth for the successful operation of our system requires a mixture of vigorous Presidential leadership for progressive action, Congress for strategic compromise, and the Supreme Court for calm moderation. In turn these interact with two-party conflict circumscribed by agreed extremes of innovation and conservatism and with electoral procedures. Heavy stress is laid upon the power and function of the Presidency, the present significance of which is found to be an outgrowth of the personal vision and strength of individual Presidents. Great Presidents as distinct from *good* or *indifferent* ones have exercised certain functions of government left largely undefined by the Constitution: foreign relations, executive administration, and legislative leadership. Lincoln, Washington, Franklin Roosevelt, Wilson, Jefferson, Jackson, and Polk—in the author's order of importance—have shaped the office, finding it sufficient to meet critical problems. The area to which the President's Constitutional powers apply has been steadily broadened and Congress has delegated new powers. Congress, at the same time, has been relatively weakened by its procedural disabilities, its failure to develop effective leadership of its own, and its "parochialism." Periods of "Congressional domination" have been less conducive to national health than periods of wise Presidential leadership.

The Supreme Court, "immune to political reckonings," guards civil liberties, orders the turbulence of change, and symbolizes moderation. Parties select candidates, confront voters with a choice on issues, and provide a vehicle for compromise. Despite conflict Republicans and Democrats are more similar than dissimilar. This fact is responsible for the health of our two-party system. *The* basic conflict in American politics is "primarily one of method rather than of aim: conservatism versus progressivism, caution versus experimentation. . ." Conventions and campaigns serve the cause of democracy. Both manifest strengths and weaknesses, but the latter are outweighed and corrections must come less through new roles than through vigilance. The book ends abruptly with the statement: "In retrospect, it appears that the great political need of our times is a popular conservatism that will serve as a realistic and enlightened balance to what will soon be a twenty-year-old progressivism." (Elsewhere, without defining the terms, Mr. Tourtellot exhorts the Republicans to espouse a constructive and flexible conservatism.)

Mr. Tourtellot's faith in our political machinery rests upon strong Presidential leadership; Congress "grinding along" under "a handful of wise and competent men" and practising "enlightened oversight"; effective representation of progressive and conservative viewpoints and "heightened moral leadership" of party leaders. Aside from recommending electoral college reform and election of half of all Senators and Representatives at large, he relies on the voters to curb dangerous Presidential activity and party officials, and the "law of averages" to staff Congress adequately. Hence, we must rely upon accident and improvisation to produce the virtues of our system when and where we need them. Are there not other institutional arrangements which might provide them with more assurance? Mr. Tourtellot casually brushes aside the argument for responsible party government. The confused arena of Presidential-Congressional relations is largely omitted. Perhaps the price for irregular mobilization of talent and power is rising. Furthermore, only an artificial definition of politics could support the author's statement that "the role of business in politics may be said to have been reduced to virtual ineffectiveness in our time." Finally, a skeletonized analysis of political machinery results in the neglect of social forces. Failure of leadership, sectional bias, small-mindedness, and political turpitude have their roots in cultural compulsions, social disorganization, value conflicts, and institutional inadequacies. These induce irrationality and immaturity, condition the nature of leadership, and weaken communal ties. A progressivism-conservatism formulation obscures power conflicts and social cleavages which ought to be faced. Altogether, this book is not a hard-hitting analysis of the adequacy of our political machinery in the light of our democratic values, needs, and expectations.



Arthur Bernon Tourtellot —"enlightened oversight."

Richard C. Snyder, of the Politics Department at Princeton, was co-editor of "American Foreign Policy."

U.S.A. Notes

CONGRESS MAKES A LAW: The Story Behind the Employment Act of 1946, by Stephen Kemp Bailey. Columbia University Press. $3.75. Beyond question, one of the three or four most significant pieces of legislation put on the books during the Truman Administration has been the Employment Act of 1946. True, the act itself is thought in many quarters to be a mere shell of the original formulated by its supporters but its capacity is being tested currently by the President's economic recommendations to Congress and by the Joint Congressional Committee on the Economic Report. This is only the beginning but it now appears that the law allows for a good deal of room in the creation of Governmental economic policy.

Mr. Bailey sets himself what at a casual glance might be considered a narrow focus: the story of the Act's genesis and its perilous course through Congress. Actually, because he has done so excellent a job, he has written an extremely important monograph—both because the measure itself represents a vital policy declaration committing the Federal Government to a large scale of responsibility for the nation's economy and because this book spells out in the clearest form the nature of the legislative process and the pressures that affect it. The tale

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he tells is not always pretty but it is interesting throughout (a rare accomplishment when you remember how much Congressional procedure he is forced to discuss). Furthermore, it is indisputably authentic; the author gleaned his materials from 450 interviews and many documents. Mr. Bailey describes himself as "a little left of center," but that hasn't impaired his objectivity.

His words on the meaning of electoral mandates translated into legislative enactment are worth pondering:

> Put in its baldest form, the story [of the Full Employment Bill] adds up to the fact that majority sentiment expressed in popular elections for a particular economic policy can be, and frequently is, almost hopelessly splintered by the power struggles of competing political, administrative, and private interests, and is finally pieced together, if at all, only by the most laborious, complicated, and frequently covert coalition strategies.

THE STRUCTURE OF AMERICAN INDUSTRY, edited by Walter Adams. Macmillan. $4.75. Thirteen actual and operating industries, which range the economic spectrum from conditions of "perfect" competition to tight local monopoly, are here examined by an assortment of expert students in order "to present a representative, comprehensive, and up-to-date view" of what our reputed system of free enterprise really looks like when theory is banished to the closet and observed business practices take over. The result is an enlightening and uninflamed collection of analytical pieces that describe unemotionally the current state of each industry, no matter how egregious, and recommend courses of public policy which, the individual authors believe, might improve things. Since each contributor is interested in improvement along the lines of free enterprise—though not necessarily its *laissez-faire* variant—these solutions seldom verge very far to the left of center. But eventually almost all of them call for a restrained dose of governmental medicine. Tying the industrial parts into a systematic whole is Corwin D. Edwards, research director of the Federal Trade Commission, who argues cautiously to the effect that government must preserve the free-enterprisers against themselves but that some state collectivism is probably inevitable. A final chapter in defense of labor unions in a free-enterprise economy says nothing new but reinstates some forgotten justifications—forgotten by, among others, the framers of the Taft-Hartley Act.

In case you're curious, those industries subject to the vicissitudes of free competition (and, in consequence, not

(*Continued on page* 30)

Fiction. *This week's collection is prefaced by a volume of first-rate short stories. In "The Old Man of the Mountain" Allan Seager takes a dim, but sometimes humorous, view of an American's chance for happiness. Perhaps the best of the novels is Livingston Biddle's "Main Line," the story of an honest Philadelphia man who has an illicit relationship with the equally honest wife of his best friend. St. Louis is the site of Peter Taylor's "A Woman of Means," in which a woman devotes herself to ruining her step-son. A highly unpleasant group of degenerates, dopesters, prostitutes, and other Parisian grotesques can be found in Romain Gary's grim "The Company of Men," recounting what became of the heroes of the Resistance after the liberation. If the reader wants suspense and adventure at its best, there is Hammond Innes's "The Survivors," a story of courage and love in the Antarctic. For an entertaining oddity try J. K. Stanford's "Guns Wanted," Englishmen trying to preserve the old hunting life under Socialism.*

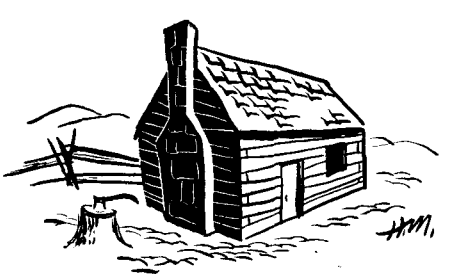
Characters In & Out of Vacuums

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN and Seventeen Other Stories. By Allan Seager. New York: Simon & Schuster. 278 *pp.* $3.

By William Peden

ALLAN SEAGER'S considerable talents as a short-story writer have not gone unnoticed; within the last fifteen years several of his pieces have been reprinted in the annual "best" or "prize" volumes of distinguished American short fiction, and his title story recently won a lucrative college faculty contest. Mr. Seager, it need hardly be said, is a skilled performer who seldom drops a stitch. He tells a story well and with a disarming simplicity. He is, moreover, an astute observer of human emotions and relationships presented in terms of situations or incidents which avoid both the commonplace and the extravagant. Individually, however, Mr. Seager's stories are more impressive than collectively. The volume, in spite of the author's skill and perceptivity, is in some ways a disappointment.

Mr. Seager presents the reader with a wide variety of individuals: an uprooted British soldier of fortune, a little boy hungering for his native Southland, a frustrated clerk on a spree, a rank-conscious university administrator clawing his way to a deanship. In spite of this variety, however, too many of Mr. Seager's protagonists tend to be cut from substantially the same piece of cloth. A musty air of defeat attends their rather pallid struggles. Furthermore, they are frequently one-dimensional, essentially superficial; they inspire neither sympathy nor dislike. The result is that the champagne may taste as flat to the reader as it does to the dreadful little clerk or that the shallow monster of an academician may leave the reader as indifferent as he does his students.



Not all of Mr. Seager's characters struggle weakly in an emotional vacuum. Old Hank Childreth, in the remarkably well-sustained title story, swings into positive action when the harpies from Hollywood and their attendant swarm of curiosity seekers invade his mountain; the blasts of Old Hank's shotgun are symbolic of one man's triumph over forces he does not understand but of necessity hates. "Damn the whole twentieth century," Old Hank cries, as he fires the other barrel. Old Hank's story is fundamentally as serious as any of Mr. Seager's stories; it suggests a very gloomy picture of life indeed. It succeeds (like "Kobold," for example, that wonderfully deft characterization of a man who could have defeated Tilden or Budge or anybody, had he not possessed an insatiable thirst) because it is permeated with an admirable sense of wry humor. This sense of the comic never allows "The Old Man of the Mountain" or "Kobold" to suffer from the overstatement or exaggeration which tend to mar so many of these technically superior stories.

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Stepmomism

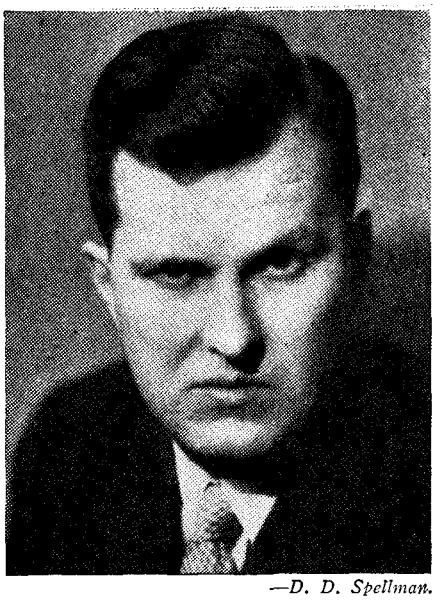
A WOMAN OF MEANS. By Peter Taylor. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 159 pp. $2.75.

By Evelyn Eaton

IT USED to be, in the bad old days, that when a writer said what he had to say in 40,000 words or less, he was urged or coerced into making it seventy-five. Now that the novella has become an approved and popular medium there is no need for this padding and stretching and flatulent writing. A subject covered is a subject covered, no matter how short the number of words, and the author is able to write The End when it is the end. There is room nowadays for the miniature and the slight. The quality of the novella, however, need never be slight, nor its range limited.

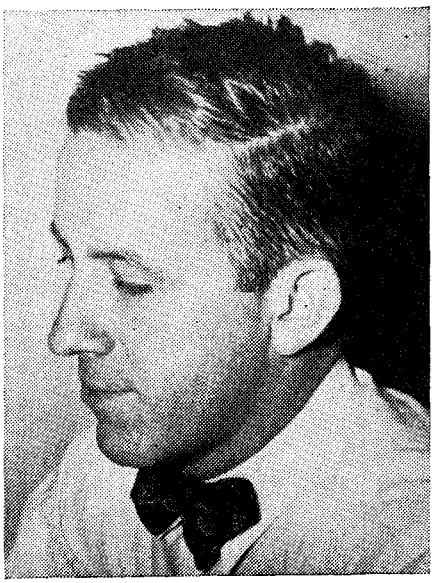
Peter Taylor's novella resembles David Westheimer's "The Magic Fallacy" in subject and style. Both stories deal with an adolescent boy and his adjustment to life; in both stories a stepmother plays the leading role. David Westheimer's stepmother is a luscious bitch who married for security and ruins her husband's son deliberately, wantonly. Peter Taylor's stepmother is a wealthy Southern lady who marries to acquire the son she has always desired and in fastening her love upon him she destroys herself.

The setting of "A Woman of Means" is in St. Louis and the time following the trend of the moment is, of course, the mid-Twenties. Quint—Quintus Cincinnatus Lovell—Dudley is a likable boy but not as memorable or as fine drawn as the Pershing of "The Magic Fallacy." Quint's father, the debonnair, young-looking salesman, who was all townsman and fought to keep Quint from having roots in the country, on his grandmother's farm, has his own frustrations and compulsions, particularly toward his stepdaughters, whom he loves and by whom he is not so much rejected as ignored. The characters are all quite credible but never intensely alive. There is a dim mistiness about them which makes their tragedy when it comes of no particular moment. The reader is perfectly willing to believe that these things happened. The reader is resigned. This is one novella which seems as slight in effect, in content, and in quality as it is slight in form. It has not the impact of Peter Taylor's fine stories ("A Long Fourth and Other Stories"), but the milieu which Mr. Taylor has taken for his province, "the contemporary urban, middle-class world of the upper South," has its charm.

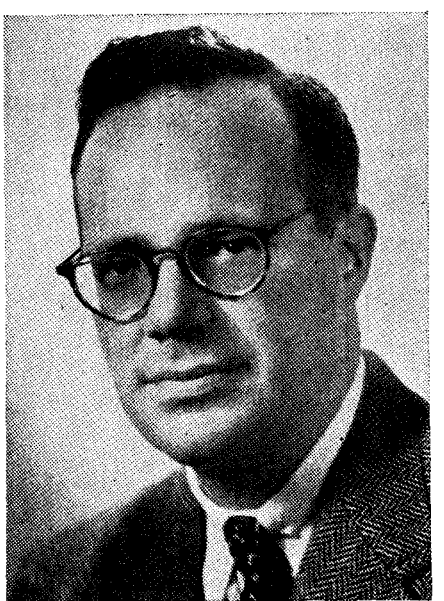


—*D. D. Spellman.*

Allan Seager—"a musty air of defeat."



Peter Taylor—"tragedy of no moment."



—*Bernard Love.*

Livingston Biddle, Jr.—"breathing soil."

Happiness by Force

MAIN LINE. By Livingston Biddle, Jr. New York: Julian Messner. 313 pp. $3.

By Sara Lorimer

IF THE equipment of the novelist must, according to Arnold Bennett, include three essential attributes: a sense of beauty, a passionate intensity of vision, and a mind permeated and controlled by common sense, the young author of this first novel qualifies on at least two counts for respectful recognition. A sense of beauty and a passionate intensity of vision he has, and because of these Philadelphia, the setting for his story, emerges from tired legend and becomes at last a physical reality, a place of sooty bustle encroaching endlessly on a village calm; of oasal suburbs linked by clattering commuters' trains; of thundering subways, hushed hotels, dingy side streets, waddling pigeons, and sun-dappled squares with ancient trees bravely resisting the thrust of gaudy neon signs; of green lawns and meadows just beyond the city's brow in the twilit world of wrought-iron fences, boxwood gardens, and upspiraling taxes; and down town, like a channel marker in the ebb and flow of Philadelphia's conflicting tides, of City Hall's four-faced tower, the statue of William Penn on its summit.

To Livingston Biddle Philadelphia is a breathing soil rather than a literary device. He succeeds in presenting it, physically, as a community which might, after all, be any community in which man's little play is acted out in all its translated emotion. A robin drowned in a garden pool, a broken dagger of lightning slashing the dusty heat of a summer night, snowflakes whirling against grimy city windows—all speak with the silent passion of inanimate things, which erases boundaries of place and makes the finite world the extension of each man's small sphere. To interpret the voice of things one does indeed need a sense of intrinsic beauty and an intensity of vision, an awareness of the significant and illuminating incident, and all of these I think Mr. Biddle has.

Common sense, by Arnold Bennett's further definition, means the ability to conceive an ideal without losing sight of the fact that we live in a human world, and that the terms of cause and effect in human behavior must be met. Nowhere may the novelist depart from the demands of consistency, not in what his characters do (because that is the privilege of fiction) but in what they eventually

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become as a result of what they do.

In "Main Line" Paul Brent, returning from four years at war, falls in love with Cassandra Emerson, wife of his best friend; the book is the story, step by step, of their illicit relationship and its effect upon those closest to them. The characters are drawn with skill: Randy, the boisterous, emotionally insufficient but adoring husband; Sarah, his sister, rejected by Paul, passionate and unlovely in her bitterness and yearning; Susan, Paul's mother, clinging to the security of all that remained, tangibly, of the old ways—the great house, the carefully planned garden, the known friends; Joseph Reid, Paul's grandfather, one of the most intuitive portrayals in the book, an old man in whom the flame of controversy had long since burned out and who, at the last, valued kindness as man's noblest quality.

To all but Joseph Reid Paul's and Cassandra's adultery dealt a permanently crippling blow. Described in all its minutiae, it asks the oldest question in human history: can happiness be seized by force at the expense of injustice and inflicted suffering, and endure as happiness? Mr. Biddle asks us to believe that it can.

He tells us that man's first duty is to be honest, that he must at all costs act in his own interest, but that having done so he will evince all the traits of gentleness, morality, and sensitivity native to the selfless and inexpedient, and will reap their rewards. I just do not believe that he will or can. Perhaps it is this effort to exonerate Paul and Cassandra from the ignobilities inherent in their own chosen actions which makes them the least sympathetic characters in the book. There is, for example, much evidence in support of their physical attraction for each other, but very little to encourage the expressed hope that a victory had been won for an enduring love. Here Mr. Biddle seems to abandon the common sense necessary to the novelist and by manipulating human nature to fit the shape of his story he weakens the authenticity of an otherwise artistic work.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 844)

MARGARET L. COIT:
JOHN C. CALHOUN

He [Calhoun] was not doctrinaire; his aim was to make democracy work. . . . Within the Union, unconquered, the South could form a barrier against the final triumph of industrial centralization and unchecked majority rule; without, all would be lost.

Lower Depths of Paris

THE COMPANY OF MEN. By Romain Gary. Translated from the French by Joseph Barnes. New York: Simon & Schuster. 248 *pp.* $3.

By BEN RAY REDMAN

WHEN Luc Martin's father was killed during the last hours of the French resistance, after a heroic career as a leader of the *maquis*, the lad—then aged fourteen—set out to find the brotherhood of men for which his father had died. Instead Luc found dishonesty, selfishness, treachery, corruption, degeneracy, and crime. He found old Vanderputte, an expert operator in the black market; Léonce and his sister, whose life-dreams were inspired by Hollywood's pictures of lawlessness and passion; Sasha, eloquent actor-philosopher and dope addict, who lived in the brothel managed by his wife, loved to dress like a woman, and mingled happily with the girls at the bar; Kuhl, police agent and informer, bound to his victim by strands woven of hatred and fascination; Mamille, dealer in stolen cars, who professed himself eager to speed the complete collapse of French civilization so that a clean sweep could be made of the past; Johnny Silvan, American gangster, bent on drinking himself into oblivion; the Mouse, an Arab from the Kasbah, to whom truth was alien; Jenny, the tart who read. Luc found all these in the Parisian underworld of the post-liberation period, and each added to his knowledge of man's nature. He slipped into the depths like a fish into water, but like a troubled fish, uncertain of direction. He became a black-market go-between, a clever thief, and finally an armed robber of payrolls, but he never stopped trying to understand his father's credo, to discover proof that his father's life had not been vainly given.

Romain Gary knows how to tell a story, how to hold his reader's interest on a tight rein; even better, he can people his tale with characters that exist uniquely yet convincingly. "The Company of Men" is singularly free of stock types and to say this of any novel is to say a great deal. Mr. Gary is a specialist in grotesques but his grotesque figures are also and always human. The best of them, old Vanderputte (of whom Luc says: "He isn't a monster. He's a man. That's just what's so rotten about it. He's a man."), comes close to reaching the stature of a tragic protagonist, despite his weakness, cowardice, dishonesty, and his notable collection of repulsive traits. For it is old Vanderputte who takes possession of the story and our interest, with Luc dropping gradually into second place. As we read, our thoughts and emotions become centered on this despicable creature. But, loathsome though he may be, we cannot reject him. We cannot read him out of the human race, saying he is no kin of ours. Contemplating Vanderputte—who won the prize for the most beautiful baby, at Ostende, in 1877—we can understand what Luc's father meant when he wrote:

> Only mercy can measure us all; only mercy can contain us all; it is the only mark of our equality. Only mercy can preserve our essential self, whatever be the name by which we are called; it alone lets us follow man and find him again wherever he goes. No greater peril lies in ambush for us than the strange difficulty we have in recognizing humanity in men, and there are times when compassion is the only light which reveals the presence of humanity around us. Mercy rises higher than all doubt, is sheltered from all error and all truth; mercy is our deepest self.

How much of compassion and how much of bitter disillusionment there was in Luc's last recorded act, each reader must decide for himself, and he must decide, too, exactly what it was that Romain Gary wished to say in his closing, somewhat ambiguous, pages. Whatever the decision, "The Company of Men" will have proved itself a book worth reading. Joseph Barnes's translation is, as far as I can judge without seeing the original, excellent.

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—*From the jacket of "Guns Wanted."*

Death of the Sporting Life

GUNS WANTED. By J. K. Stanford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 346 pp. $3.

By George Woodcock

THE sporting novel is a *genre* which has maintained a peculiarly obstinate vitality in England, where the slaughter of certain animals according to arbitrary rules by very restricted classes of the community has survived the scorn of wits, the outcry of humanitarians, and the onslaught of social reform, and still exists—but little more—as an islet of feudalism in a Fabian society.

The rituals and snobberies with which the killing of game is endured in England have always been incomprehensible to the foreigner and even to the English intellectual. Yet they have provided novelists, memoirists, and essayists with the subjects of innumerable volumes which, if they do not always show literary capacity, usually reveal a genuine and almost fanatical enthusiasm for the sports themselves and the surroundings in which they are pursued.

Some of these books, like the writings of Surtees, "Nimrod," and Whyte Melville, have become minor classics, filled with action, humor and a sweeping sense of rural beauty. They have been marred by an intense snobbery and a cavalier intolerance of "outsiders."

All these characteristics are, in some degree, to be found in J. K. Stanford's "Guns Wanted," a novel of the English upper classes in a Socialist world, which might also be called a last-ditch defense of the sporting tradition. Its plot is the sketchiest of picaresques. A regular cavalry officer, Gerald Warde, is given a year to live by a blundering physician; he decides to spend this time in a return to what is left of the old country life. Henceforward the hero seems to recede, and we are given a succession of entertaining shots of squires, gentlemen farmers, and Anglo-Indians down on their luck in an austerity England, trying desperately, by scrimping and saving, by letting out their shooting to syndicates of would-be sportsmen, to keep alive the inherited pattern.

Mr. Stanford faithfully follows the tradition of sporting writers, but a corrosive bitterness enters his work which was not present in that of his ancestors. Plainly he resents, as the characters he describes most sympathetically do, the causes which have displaced the old landowning aristocracy from their ordained privileges, and the jollity of Surtees, the grandeur of "Nimrod's" foxhunting eccentrics, are replaced by the nagging bitterness of a class that can hardly understand the change which has overtaken it.

The texture of "Guns Wanted" is very uneven. In the passages where Mr. Stanford is describing the actual scenes of sporting life he writes vividly and well. But his portraits of London society and of black marketeers are uneasily artificial, while his dialogue is written in a kind of Wodehousian *patois* which rarely convinces the reader.

Nevertheless, on its own rather shallow level this is an entertaining book and it does provide an interesting subjective portrayal of a dying class and its values.

Cold, White Land

THE SURVIVORS. By Hammond Innes. New York: Harper & Bros. 276 pp. $2.75.

By Joseph M. Grant

WITHIN the orbit of our personal worlds all of us are occasionally apt to feel a sense of our own importance. It's a feeling that carries fragments of confidence, satisfaction, and perhaps a jot of smugness. In the world described by Hammond Innes in "The Survivors" such comfortable sensations are nonexistent. In the icy wastes of the Antarctic at the bottom of the world man can feel only a sense of awe and deep humility. He is humbled by the most powerful forces of nature and becomes a rather small and insignificant, though not entirely helpless, creature.

The wonderful moral, if moral it be, of this story is that man does possess the strength and courage to survive against the greatest odds, to survive not by verbal trickery but through the sheer determination of his will. Upon a huge canvas Mr. Innes paints the frozen wasteland with startling realism. The staggering, tearing, crushing ice formations become living monsters intent solely upon the destruction of those who would dare invade their regions. Few writers have described this land of eternal whiteness with such beauty and dramatic intensity.

Duncan Craig, ex-commander of a corvette in the British Navy, throws up his job with a London firm for the promise of a better opportunity in South Africa, then talks himself into a spare seat on the plane bound for Capetown with Colonel Bland and Judy, his young daughter-in-law. As chairman of the South Atlantic Whaling Company, the Colonel is anxious to reach the factory ship, *Southern Cross*, trapped by ice floes in the Weddell Sea. Aboard her are Erik Bland, his son, who is also Judy's estranged husband, and Bernt Nordahl, her father. Despite the dangerous position of the *Southern Cross* there is a struggle between Erik and Nordahl for control of the ship. When a message arrives that Nordahl has been lost overboard under mysterious circumstances Colonel Bland asks Craig to captain the *Tauer III* in hopes of reaching the *Southern Cross* before further disaster occurs. Judy's determination to accompany them and her suspicions of Erik induce Craig to accept. And so begins that harrowing expedition to the Antarctic, where a clash of personalities and the fury

(*Continued on page* 31)

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Emily Dickinson: The Prisms of a Poet

THOMAS H. JOHNSON

THE papers of Emily Dickinson, her poetry, letters, and indeed whatever remains as a part of her literary heritage, have now come into the public domain. Through a generous gift by Gilbert H. Montague, of New York, Harvard University has acquired the great manuscript collection of her poems that Emily willed at the time of her death in 1886 to her sister, Lavinia. It is the collection, numbering some 950 items, which formed the basis for all the editions of her poems issued down through 1936, and was gathered in that year as "The Poems of Emily Dickinson," edited by Martha D. Bianchi and A. L. Hampson. The terms of the gift give title and custody to Harvard of all that Emily died possessed of, including her books, together with family papers, letters by Emily or written to her, and all that appertains to her life, the background of her family, and her literary reputation since her death. The Houghton Library, which will receive the gift, will furnish a Dickinson room with the books, furniture, and other memorabilia.

Certainly not in this decade, perhaps not in this half-century, has a more fortunate event—one long hoped for—occurred in the history of American belles-lettres. Now at last, three quarters of a century after Emily Dickinson's death, scholars will be able to determine with some accuracy the rank she may take among world poets.

There are two points of reference in the life history of Emily Dickinson's poetry. The first is the period of its composition, culminating with her death at the age of fifty-six. The second is the period of its publication, extending from 1890 to 1945. The world knows a great deal about the second, though certainly not all: it is a period of uncertainties, frustrations, and, until the latest edition of poems, editorial confusions. There were the two Amherst houses: Emily in the later years shared one with Lavinia, who after Emily's death fiercely devoted herself to the venture of publishing the poetry. There was the other Dickinson house, that of Emily's brother, Austin, and Austin's wife, Sue, to whom many of the verses had been inscribed during years of sisterly attachment. The bitter partisanships engendered after Emily's death sprang from a desire, shared in common, to present a new poet and a new kind of poetry written by a beloved sister. That the sisters made a sacrificial victim of the object of their love is not a new phenomenon in the history of human devotion.

But it is the first period, the years of actual composition, which is fully important, and the one which so far has been revealed inconclusively and had remained to this moment conjectural. The poems, letters, and other documents now brought together or made available should tell the story.

Why were but five poems published during her lifetime, and those anonymously? She initiated correspondence with Thomas Wentworth Higginson in her late twenties or early thirties, and did so to seek literary advice from a liberal-minded gentleman and man of letters who, she hoped, might encourage her to believe that her talent was authentic. But if kindly Mr. Higginson could only surmise the talent (and years later only surmise the greatness of it), without comprehending what to do, surely one would be rash to venture much further in seeking advice, especially of the great. There were one's old friends, Samuel Bowles for instance, who was establishing the *Springfield Republican* as one of the great liberal papers in the country. But if such trustworthy people as Higginson and Bowles believed the verses too heady, too unconventional, indeed perhaps "odd," as the public would take them, it would be futile and ungracious to impose on busy Mr. Fields, the editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, or the celebrated Mr. Emerson, whose technique had been studied with loving absorption.

Emily Dickinson—"a dedicated artist."

Did Emily Dickinson develop her fear of "froglike" publicity because the responses of such literary personages as she consulted, including almost certainly her friend Helen Hunt Jackson, checked her self-confidence, or was her confidence in her own destiny now sure, bracing her to abide the issue? Singleness of purpose was characteristic of the Dickinsons.

Perhaps the evidence may now become conclusive that her dedication was early, guided by the uncertain advice of friends who could do no more than wonder and marvel, and that she selected thus her course effortlessly because she followed her star.

EVEN a cursory examination of the manuscripts shows that she worked and reworked her verses. Presumably she preserved everything she wrote and left it all to her sister, Lavinia, who assumed, rightly I think, that Emily intended it for publication.

There is reason to hope that the papers will reveal answers to other major questions touching upon her life and art. She left no formal prefaces setting forth her theories of poetry, but much can be adduced from the verses themselves and from letters and other documents when all these are fitted into a proper relationship. It may be too much to expect to find a clear order among the undated poems or to determine an exact chronology. The revisions had been extensive and rough drafts were usually destroyed. Yet the data for biographical appraisal are extensive and the factual basis for much of the poetry is highly probable.

Since virtually all of the poetry has been published, there principally remains the collating of the published texts with the manuscripts, for the canon is not yet established. Mrs. Millicent Todd Bingham, who in 1945 brought out "Bolts of Melody," a group of 668 hitherto unpublished poems and fragments, points up the problem by noting in her introduction that in many poems Emily Dickinson "supplied alternative words, phrases, or lines, [with] little crosses indicating where the final choice should be inserted." In several instances she made no final choice. Perhaps some degree of chronological order can be discovered, at least the order in which

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the revisions were completed. It is these revisions, gathered into small groups, which she evidently considered final, for she numbered them and filed them away. Over the years these groups often have been separated and arranged under arbitrary captions, in the course of family editing, to suggest such topics as "Life," "Nature," and "Love."

The basic need is to determine the Dickinson canon. At the moment there is no certainty that her poems as they now exist in print represent what she intended to write. Of the some eight or nine hundred printed before the editing of "Bolts of Melody" even a preliminary examination of the manuscripts from which they were assembled reveals line changes, omitted lines or stanzas, misreadings and bowdlerizations. There seem to have been gatherings of stanzas published as one poem which were never so intended and, conversely, separation of stanzas intended as a unit. There are the selected items, nosegays of verse, a few lines or a stanza adapted to a special occasion, enclosed with a small gift to a friend and neighbor.

Of greatest importance is the fact that now it will be possible to appraise the development of an artist.

Some of the forthcoming autobiographical evidence should be conclusive in solving questions at the moment merely speculative. How did her reading shape her growth? What books did she really con? What were the human influences beyond her family circle that determined her life and thought? There was, of course, the young lawyer, Benjamin F. Newton, whose friendship before his early death gave direction to her career as artist. But just what and how? There was the remarkable—perhaps determining—influence of the Reverend Charles Wadsworth, one of the leading pulpit orators of his day. Again, in what direction and with what fixedness?

All these questions and more at last are capable of some solution. And they are immensely important questions, for Emily Dickinson was a dedicated artist, shy, cloistered, fugitive perhaps, but one who selected a way of life as deliberately as she chose a metaphor. Intense, cryptic, paradoxical, her life and her writing have a unity of purpose that battled to achieve and reveal a universal experience.

Thomas H. Johnson, member of the faculty of the Lawrenceville School and an editor of the "Literary History of the United States," will edit the Dickinson papers for publication by Harvard University Press.

Belles-Lettres.

Three writers out of the European past—Pushkin, Turgenev, Proust—all so different yet each a great writer in his own right, are the subjects of new books of more than ordinary interest. Although disharmony was the essence of Pushkin's life his poetry and prose were a classical example of that which is so rare among writers—balance. This, plus a sense of realism, made him a great writer, not only of Russia but of the world, as Henri Troyat points out in his biography of the man who insisted that the writer was the only true aristocrat. Proust, the subject of André Maurois' newest biography, was concerned with another kind of aristocracy, out of which he went on his strange voyages into what he called "the uncharted regions of the soul." Turgenev, first great Russian modernist, was a novelist of love, and in his works, some of them newly translated, remains a writer of lasting beauty.

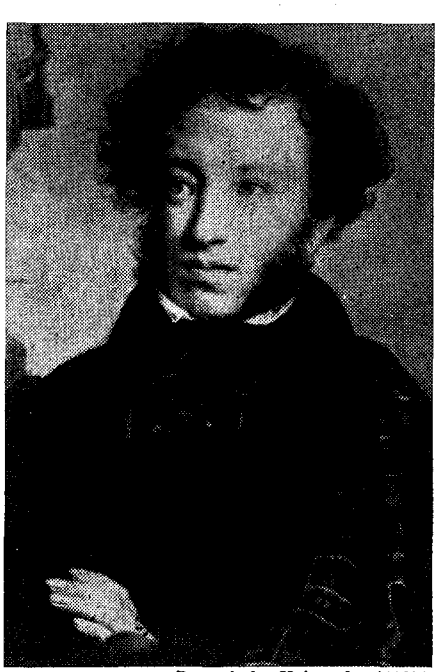
The Only True Aristocrat

PUSHKIN. By Henri Troyat. Translated by Randolph T. Weaner. New York: Pantheon Books. 508 pp. $5.

By JOHN COURNOS

THE much abused word "fascinating" may be used about this book with exactitude. It casts an irresistible spell on any reader who loves biography. It is of the same genre as Iris Irigo's recent volume on Byron, "The Last Attachment," and of the two the Pushkin volume is the more interesting. This is due, perhaps, to the fact that there was some affinity between Byron as an artist and Byron as a man. There is no such affinity between the great Russian poet and his work.

As a poet and prose writer, Pushkin has deservedly been called classical. He is not only all-embracing and comprehensive, but he possesses proportion, balance. He is classical in spite of the fact that his themes are contemporary to him, in spite, too, of the fact that he is of the essence of simplicity and that he devoutly believes in the spoken language of the people, maintaining that in his day, at any rate, the common people spoke a language that "is astonishingly pure and simple." He combined a realism and a classical balance rare if not unique in literature. Just as he was the first Russian to introduce ordinary, everyday words into the language of poetry he was also the first to use humble human beings as heroes for his prose. He gave impetus to the great literature which followed, but of all who came after him none admittedly was as great as he.



—Portrait by Kripensky (1827).

Pushkin—"no affinity between the poet and his work."

In his life, however, he was a pure romantic, and his wild excesses have little to do with the purity of his art. Doubtless, the circumstances of his life, the nature of his origins (the Negro blood of an ancestor), the repressions to which he was subjected in an aristocratic, autocratic, snobbish society, his relative poverty among the opulent, the censorship of two Czars (Alexander I and Nicholas I), his too often strait-jacketed genius, his tremendous energy, his intense love of freedom, etc., all contributed to the disharmony which ruled over his life.

A proud man, Pushkin all his life long had to kowtow to men he considered his inferiors. "In our world," he wrote in 1825, "writers belong to the highest nobility. In them aristocratic pride is combined with an author's sensitivity." He resented being patronized by men whose sole distinction was that they belonged to

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the nobility, however old. He was constantly stepping on their toes, and as constantly apologizing. They considered his writings subversive; they were constantly sending him into exile; even the Czars, for all their power, were ungenerous and petty and refused to allow him to gratify his never satisfied longing to go abroad, among whose literary elite he belonged.

It must be admitted that he did the bulk of his best work while in exile, in solitary country places where the tedium was insufferable unless he did work. He pendulated between extremes, between adding to his poetic masterpieces and to his notorious "Don Juan list." The loving of women was a compelling need with him, as was defiance of danger and the courting of every sort of risk. Though he loved freedom and was its admitted champion in his writing, revolutionaries fought shy of admitting him to their secret conclaves. He was too easy-going, too gay to be accepted as an accomplice. We read: "Rebuffed by men of serious purpose, Pushkin consoled himself with women of easy virtue." But it was not only women of easy virtue who fell victim to his magnetic personality.

He was very unstable, yet he was essentially noble and loyal and courageous, and at bottom there was an intense desire to be normal, like other people. And it was this very desire, so excellent in itself, that was to prove his undoing. When he reached thirty he thought he had sown enough wild oats; he wanted to marry and settle down. Unhappily, his choice of a mate fell upon Natalie Goncharova, presumably the most beautiful young woman in St. Petersburg, but empty-headed, with "a soul of frills and furbelows," and with a greedy mother who was trying to catch a man for her daughter with greater social standing and wealth than poor Pushkin possessed. It did not help matters for Natalie to have an admirer in the Emperor himself; it only increased her wants as it also increased the poet's humiliations.

The marriage was the end of his tranquility, as well as the end of his exuberant gaiety, and the real beginning of a terrible existence which inevitably led to the duel with Natalie's admirer, the handsome Baron George-Charles d'Anthes, and to his death, which rejoiced his enemies but left the Russian people, who loved him, stunned. "It is because he loved life too much that he died so soon" is the author's final sentence. The life he actually lived is all here between the covers of this absorbing volume, adequately translated from the French by Randolph T. Weaver.

A Russian on Love & Truth

THE BORZOI TURGENEV. Translated by Harry Stevens. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 801 *pp.* $4.95.

By Ernest J. Simmons

OF THE great Russian novelists, Turgenev was the first to obtain Western European and American fame and also the first to lose it. The popularity of an exquisite art, limited in scope and intensity but infinitely festidious and serene, soon gave place to the profound psychological soul-searching of Dostoievsky and the endlessly varied stuff of life that crowds the pages of Tolstoy's fiction. Here and in England, however, there has been a recent revival of interest in Turgenev, perhaps—one would like to think—because his cool concentration on the "living truth of the human face" affords a pleasant retreat from the decaying truth of so much modern fiction.

With this new interest has come a belated recognition of the fact that the existing translations of Turgenev in English most inadequately represent one of the great prose styles in Russian fiction. The old versions of Constance Garnett and I. F. Hapgood deserve commendation as pioneer efforts, but neither translator possessed that perception in the finer matters of prose style which amounts to a natural literary talent. Fresh translations of excellent merit of three of Turgenev's major novels have recently been published in England and one in America. The present volume is a most laudable effort to offer new renderings of a selection of the best works of Turgenev—four novels ("Fathers and Sons," "Smoke," "On the Eve," and "Rudin"), and three long stories ("A Quiet Spot," "First Love," and "The Diary of a Superfluous Man"). A foreword by Serge Koussevitzky and an informative introduction by Avrahm Yarmolinsky complete the volume.

The translator, Harry Stevens, has already distinguished himself (as Stephen Garry) for his rendering of Sholokhov's "The Silent Don," an immensely difficult task in the art of translation. Turgenev's style would be a challenge to any translator, however talented. Though artfully contrived, it is in no sense artificial, for it nearly always conveys the sense of complete ease and simplicity. Often, especially in descriptive passages, his style is suffused with an attractive lyric quality and beauty. And in great emotional scenes a mood is struck the effectiveness of which depends upon a delicate pattern of selected language. Such qualities of style easily evade the translator, and Mr. Stevens sometimes fails in this respect. But on the whole his renderings reveal a responsiveness to the special demands of Turgenev's style and an ability to reproduce its sensitive, artistic flavor. At any rate, his translations are an immense improvement over the frequently stilted, insensitive, and colorless ones of Mrs. Garnett.

Lovers of Turgenev may quarrel with the selections in this volume, especially the omission of the universally admired "A Nest of Gentlefolk," which with some gains might have been substituted for either "Rudin" or "On the Eve." Of course, failure to include this novel may well be connected with the fact that it is easily accessible in English, whereas the other two are not. With this one exception, the selections represent the finest art of Turgenev. Here are to be found the intellectual "superfluous" heroes, striving but always failing to achieve their place in the sun, and the lovely strong-willed, consecrated heroines, who convince the reader that Russian women must have been the better half of the race. Turgenev is essentially a novelist—one might better say a poet—of love, and though his great scenes in this respect may strike one today as rather Victorian, no novelist has ever distilled the essence of dawning love in the heart of maid or man with more subtle comprehension of its pains and pleasure, and of its immemorial beauty.

Ernest J. Simmons is chairman of the Department of Slavic Languages and professor of Russian literature in the Russian Institute of Columbia University.

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Regions of the French Soil

PROUST: Portrait of a Genius. By André Maurois. Translated from the French by Gerard Hopkins. New York: Harper & Bros. 332 pp. $4.50.

By Henri M. Peyre

PROUST has been dead for a quarter of a century. His long novel has been with us in its entirety for only a little less. Memories of his friends, critical appreciations, and Proust's own letters, on the whole disappointing and untrue to the deeper, more tragic aspects of the novelist, have appeared almost continuously since 1922.

The death of a great man is usually followed by twenty years of derogatory revelations and adverse judgments. Proust went through that purgatory unscathed. To be sure, not all in his work is admirable. But he survives, and he entrances the younger generation as much as he did their fathers. Some critics in the Thirties charged him with snobbery, with the lack of a religion, and, worse still, of a social conscience, with exemplifying and even with explaining "French decadence." But while the existentialists were the rage, Proust was read in prisoners' camps; he was reprinted in war-ridden and paper-starved England, even in Stalinist Russia until Ehrenburg and Zhdanov took umbrage. Students in American colleges do not find him obscure any more: Proust is ranked on a par with Joyce, Kafka, and Faulkner by all the "unhappy few," who rejoice in a virile literature, disdainful of optimism. Posterity has ratified Proust's dictum in one of his last letters to a German admirer: "Bad literature belittles everything; true literature reveals the uncharted regions of the soul."

Four volumes have been published within a year on Proust in this country, all important. Philip Kolb gave at the University of Illinois Press a methodical and chronological study of Proust's correspondence. Harold March published one of the best general accounts of Proust's thought and art in any language. F. C. Green, in "The Mind of Proust," recently released by the Cambridge University Press, chose to follow the long saga-novel in every one of its rambling episodes and digressions and to intersperse a patient analysis with a very keen running commentary. Now comes the translation of Maurois' most recent volume.

M. Maurois has no axe to grind. He studies Proust from no special point of view. He is comprehensive, impartial, well informed, and discouragingly dear. He undertakes here to provide the general and rather passive reader with an easy compendium of all that he might wish to know on Proust: childhood, mixed heredity, environment, social life of the worldly charmer who flitted in his youth around princesses and duchesses (and less glittering persons of the other sex, on whom Maurois is more reticent), retirement into a life of contemplation and art after his mother's death in 1905. Proust, who then wrote a strange article, "Filial Feelings of a Parricide" on a young man who had murdered his own mother, became afflicted with remorse, haunted by the theme of the profanation of one's mother as he calls it somewhere, but also liberated by the disappearance of his beloved mother. He started his great work, centering around sexual inversion.

Maurois surveys most aspects of Proust's work: philosophical view of the world, psychological penetration, delineation of love, comic spirit, social satire, style. On every one of them he is well informed, terse, intelligent, urbane. On none is he profound or arresting. Everything becomes crystal clear and one is reminded of Valéry's epigram, which might have been coined for his colleague at the French Academy: *"L'esprit clair fait comprendre ce qu'il ne comprend pas."* The gift of Maurois has been, in life and criticism, a gift for compromise. He treads on the verge of abysses, never falls into them, and withdraws before being tempted to explore them. Only in his "Byron" did he write a fearless and revealing biography. In his recent history of France he failed to sympathize with his countrymen and therefore to render their moods and their deeds faithfully whenever they gave up moderation and skepticism for enthusiasm and passion; yet Calvin, Robespierre, DeGaulle, and Communist deputy Duclos were, or are, French of the French!

Similarly Proust's novel is profoundly tragic: it descends into pits of a Dantesque inferno as perhaps no other novel in our age does. The problems posed by Proust's study of sexual inversion, by his ferocious dissection of love and jealousy, by his laying bare of all the vanities of social life, by his esthetics deserve far more intellectual courage and more critical acuity than are here displayed. The book is very skilful, an excellent professor's summary for a survey course. One had a right to expect more, especially from a writer who enjoyed the advantage of consulting and quoting extensively from Proust's unpublished notebooks, owned by his niece, Mme. Manté-Proust. The extracts from those notebooks are the most valuable and the only truly new part of this volume.

In spite of the too laudatory account of Maurois' recent achievement printed on the jacket of the book, the prestige of the once-famous biographer has steadily declined in this country, in Great Britain, and in France since 1940. Like Jules Romains and Georges Duhamel, Maurois belongs to a bygone era and seems to have little to say to the youth of both sexes and even to more genteel and more mature ladies with whom he was once a favorite.

"You're sure the Russians won't swallow up any of the places I'm going to visit?"

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Belles-Lettres Notes

THE REINTERPRETATION OF VICTORIAN LITERATURE, edited by Joseph E. Baker. Princeton University Press. $3.75. As the Victorian Age recedes in time we can expect it to emerge with clear contours. The distorted views of its immediate successors—whether the result of insufficient objectivity or materials—are being patiently corrected. That is the purpose of the eleven scholarly essays gathered here. Among the more interesting topics treated are the social background, the Oxford movement, the idea of culture, foreign influence, the novel, and the development of an historical attitude. Occasionally one is uncomfortably aware of special pleading—as when one paper denigrates the eighteenth century and another the twentieth in order to enhance the nineteenth. If the Edwardians scoffed at their Victorian fathers that is no reason for us to eulogize them. But most of the discussion is genuinely constructive. Also valuable, it indicates the lines of attack for future forays and campaigns in conquering the rich Victorian fields.

THE TWELFTH NIGHT OF SHAKESPEARE'S AUDIENCE, by John W. Draper. Stanford University Press. $5. What Professor Draper does in this book is to provide for today's reader of the play all the attitudes—intellectual, psychological, social, and theatrical—which the Elizabethan playgoer exercised when he saw the play presented. Behind such an attempt is the assumption that in his comedy Shakespeare held a mirror up to nature, that his play is a transcription of the contemporary scene. Although that assumption is not universally accepted—Professor Stoll, for example, would emphasize theatrical conventions, others would emphasize myths, and so on—it is clearly a valid way to grasp the Elizabethan's understanding of the play. To accomplish his purpose Professor Draper analyzes each character in exhaustive (sometimes exhausting) detail, and then the plot structure and the setting. His information and documentation are as thorough as one could wish and his achievement is successful in making us view the play through the mind of its own day.

IN THE STEPS OF SHAKESPEARE, by Russell Thorndike. Medill McBride. $2.75. This book defies classification. In its general design it takes the reader on a tour of all the English, Scotch, and Welsh scenes of Shakespeare's plays. Naturally enough, the majority analyzed are the chronicle plays. The eager tourist, then, can put the book alongside his Blue Guide when he makes his pilgrimage—and even if he does not follow the exact steps of Shakespeare (whose steps we know very little about), he will get a concrete idea of the historical

topography of Great Britain. But besides this thorough geographical diagnosis of the plays, Russell Thorndike (actor and novelist) has provided a most miscellaneous commentary, which includes reminiscences of his own footlight (and footloose) days. No fact is too trivial or too remote. Gadshill, for example, is discussed for its associations with Falstaff, with Dickens, and even with Dick Turpin, the highwayman, who (we are told) turned a landlady on the spit at her own kitchen fire until she confessed where her money was hidden. Although there is no telling where this Shakespeare guide will ramble, his geographical framework keeps him within bounds and admits some good photographs. His book is a catchall, true enough, and the personal intrusions sometimes are too cozy for comfort; but in general it is unpretentious and ingratiating.

THE SAGAS OF KORMAK and THE SWORN BROTHERS, translated by Lee M. Hollander. Princeton University Press. $2.50. A literal translation of two Old Norse sagas, such as we have here, makes a thoroughly useful and revealing book. Both sagas are biographic—the first essentially the love story of Kormák, the second a revenge story telling of the adventures of the sworn brothers, Thormod and Thorgeir. Yet they have strangely "modern" overtones. In the first, for example, Kormák loves Steingerd, but he is unable to consummate his love though he continues to pursue her married or single. (Magic spells is the skald's explanation for what we would call psychic impotence.)

We have come a long way since William Morris's pretty adaptations of similar sagas a hundred years ago. Professor Hollander does not "improve" or embellish the rugged, course-grained narratives, and the reader feels their spirit as intimately as it is possible for the twentieth-century mind to travel back to thirteenth-century Iceland. When he translates the verse sections Professor Hollander successfully conveys their exact qualities as Old Germanic poetry, with alliteration, stress-rhythms, and kennings. These effects are no longer alien to modern verse since they have been revived by such poets as Hopkins and Auden. The two introductions and the notes are—as they should be—relevant, clear, and concise.

BRITISH DIARIES: An Annotated Bibliography of British Diaries Written Between 1442 and 1942, compiled by William Matthews. University of California Press. $3.75. Ordinarily a bibliography would not be included in these notes, but this one is particularly rich in its contents and wide in its appeal. The best known of English diarists is, of course, Samuel Pepys. He is only one of the vast army of private scribblers who have been impelled to record for themselves the events and thoughts of their daily lives. For the political and social historian, for the scholar in general, these writings are a valuable mine. And for the general reader who wants to observe the raw materials of existence, diaries are fascinating reading. Not only the Great and the Eminent have kept diaries (and too often before a mirror); a goodly number of the diaries listed in the bibli-

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 363

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 363 will be found in the next issue.

BG BUD TO B

EBGATHUBCD TG CNPLFU.

M. TNFO —RPDDTGMO.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 362

Men show their characters in nothing more clearly than in what they think laughable. —GOETHE.

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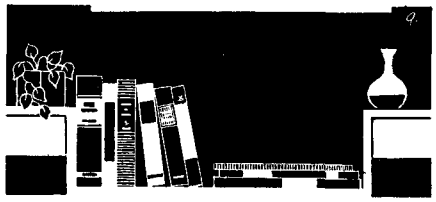

ography are by obscure and humble people—housewives, prisoners, clergymen, travelers, teachers, businessmen, sailors. These are the ones that tend to be forgotten. It is true that some have never been published, but many are available (not too conveniently) in county antiquarian publications. For his 500-year span (1442-1942) Professor Matthews has described well over 2,000 diaries, whether in manuscript or printed in any form. His book is excellent in every way, clearly and logically arranged, and briskly annotated.

LEIGH HUNT'S DRAMATIC CRITICISM 1808-1831, edited by Lawrence and Carolyn Houtchens. Columbia University Press. $4.50. This collection of newspaper reviews and pieces by Hunt is actually theatrical journalism. As such it is far inferior, of course, to the dramatic criticism of Hazlitt, Lamb, or Coleridge. For the same reason its quality is uneven and often lapses into the doldrums of column writing. Yet its ephemeral interest is what is most valuable. Through these pieces we see—as we do not in the criticism of these other writers—what the theatre of the period looked like on both sides of the footlights. On one side: Mrs. Siddons's farewell, Kean's Othello, Taglioni's dancing, the costuming, the technique of acting, the wonders of gaslight, the opera and concert, the preposterous melodramas, pantomimes, and extravaganzas, and the "legitimate" plays. And on the other side: the audience (who rioted one season because of the rise in admission prices!), the decorations, and the perennial ladies who wear vision-blotting bonnets. It is all a lively record of the London theatre of Hunt's day.

THE NOVEL OF VIOLENCE IN AMERICA, by W. M. Frohock. University Press in Dallas. $3.75. The title of this study describes only its major concern. Actually Mr. Frohock's thesis is that between 1920 and 1950 the American novel has been bifurcated into two strains of sensibility: one of erosion (or the passage of time) and the other of violence. Thomas Wolfe would be an example of the first and late Hemingway of the second. Between his introductory and concluding chapters, which expound his thesis, he discusses eight major contemporary novelists, and he does his best with Dos Passos ("Of Time and Frustration"), James Cain ("Tabloid Tragedy"), and Steinbeck ("The Utility of Wrath"). He is a flexible critic, fortunately, and does not force any of his subjects into his procrustean frame. He obviously prefers the novel of violence, since this type, as he conceives it, is dramatic in structure and ethical in content. His own style is strikingly informal, even unbuttoned, and points up his intelligent insights with an engaging understatement. What he says is generally enlightening and always engrossing.

LETTERS OF THOMAS CARLYLE TO WILLIAM GRAHAM, edited by John Graham, Jr. Princeton University Press. $2.50. In these nineteen long letters Carlyle wrote with affection and sympathy to a friend thirty years his senior, but so firm and positive was his personality that one imagines their ages reversed. At the time he sent the first letter, in 1820, he was floundering to find his profession and his "message," and by the time he sent the last in this series, in 1849, he had successfully found both. They are not full letters which disclose all sides of his experience—there is very little about his wife, Jane Welsh, for example—but then it is doubtful whether letters to any single correspondent can ever do that. Within their narrow limits these give a lively and typical picture of his personality, as energetic in misery as in happiness. His style in these private letters is as strident and preachy as in his public writings. He is preeminently the man whose style was of himself, and all his writings are shot through with it. The letters are neatly edited and illustrated with drawings by a collateral descendant of their recipient.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

ENGLISH WRITER (1859-1930)

After identifying the sixteen literary figures briefly described below, print their names in the spaces just above the descriptions. The initial letters will spell the name of a famous English novelist and short-story writer. Allowing twenty points for the name of the writer and five points for each character identified, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 39.

1. — — — —
   He pursued a great white whale.
2. — — — — — — — —
   Poems about her hung on trees in the forest of Arden.
3. — — — —
   Heroine of a Thomas Hardy novel.
4. — — — — — — — — — —
   A close friend of Henry Aldrich.
5. — — — — — — —
   It took him ten years to return from the Trojan war.
6. — — — — — —
   This Indian girl was plagued by the white man.
7. — — — — — — — — — — — — —
   Heroine of "Main Street," by Sinclair Lewis.
8. — — — — — — —
   Wife of Julius Caesar.
9. — — — — — — —
   Waiting maid to Portia in "The Merchant of Venice."
10. — — — — —
    She followed a white rabbit down a hole.
11. — — — —
    Heroine of "A Doll's House," by Henrik Ibsen.
12. — — — — — — — — — — —
    She is secretary to that busy lawyer Perry Mason.
13. — — — —
    King of the fairies in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
14. — — — — — —
    A fellow of infinite jest.
15. — — — — — — — —
    This knight of the round table loved Queen Guinevere.
16. — — — — — — — —
    Her husband went to hell to get her back.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Chaos, Fear & the Modern Novel

TO TURN back from the contemporary novel of today to the work of the Victorian writers is like awakening from a nightmare into the clear light of day. The world that Dickens created was coherent and vital for he was an authentic and an inventive genius with a firm belief that in revealing the social evils of the day he could destroy them one by one. In France Zola's more turgid and naturalistic novels were imbued with the same feeling that the exposition of evil would arouse the conscience of mankind. The literate people of Europe and America then believed, by and large, in a future in which justice and democratic institutions and a Christian God would finally embrace the whole earth. The belief in the beneficence of mechanistic science, which had so firm a hold on the eighteenth century and against which Rousseau and the French romanticists had once rebelled, was allied a century later to a belief in Darwin's evolutionary biology, which left God reigning in Heaven but added a cubit to man's stature by making him the sole creator of his future. The light of reason would conquer belligerence and ferocity, and the evolution of the machine would put an end to hunger and poverty.

Toward the end of the nineteenth century Western man began to lose the certainty that humanity might some day live in a state of grace. It became difficult to believe in science as the handmaid of religion, or vice versa, while the natural man invented by French philosophers and novelists soon revealed himself as a contentious and violent opponent of the rule of the upper classes. The novelists of the Edwardian Era spoke with bated breath of the dangers of Socialist upheaval. The mounting edifice of science began to show cracks at its base, and the early novels of H. G. Wells illustrated the destructive uses by which science might be used to end civilization. The popularity of the translations of Russian novelists, especially Dostoievsky before the theories of Freud were known, presented an alarming view of the fearful complexities and capacity for evil in man's inner nature.

It remained for a group of European and one or two American novelists to bring to our attention the increasing lack of faith in both the natural goodness of man and the whole structure of Western civilization. In their various ways Franz Kafka, Thomas Mann, Proust, Joyce, André Gide, Dreiser, and Frank Norris illustrated the perplexity and confusion with which sincere and thoughtful writers surveyed the future. Everywhere about them they professed to see a society which no longer believed in anything but decay and disaster, in which even an American could doubt the merits of capitalism.

The wide public which read the popular fiction of the time paid at first little attention to these dismal views for the vast majority of readers was comfortably bedded down in a thriving romanticism which concerned itself with little else than the innate virtue of men and women, pecuniary success, and the more glamorous aspects of sex. Nevertheless these few writers, all but two of whom are dead, had a profound and growing influence on all literature of the Western world, even apart from the fact that the books of Freud and of his disciple Jung were becoming staples on the book shelves of all serious writers.

Proust's series of novels, under the general title of "Remembrance of Things Past," dissected with the delicacy of a surgeon's scalpel the body of the old French upper middle class. Thomas Mann, whose early years were under the influence of Schopenhauer's pessimistic philosophy, revealed his skepticism of German society in his enormously successful "Buddenbrooks." After failing, as he wrote, "to come to terms with his own happiness," he produced after years of travail his masterpiece, "The Magic Mountain," which can briefly be described as a grim epic of a civilization in decay, in his own words, "the fascination with death, the triumph of extreme disorder over a life founded upon order and consecrated to it." Kafka, almost unknown to Americans until the last decade, perfectly illustrated in "The Castle" and "The Trial" man's increasing failure to grasp reality in the growing complexities of life. These are nightmare novels for any thoughtful American who discovers that he cannot fathom the intricacies of atomic science, international or national finance, taxation, politics, or even the motor car which he drives. More autobiographical than the rest of this group, André Gide dramatized the crisis of modern man and the maelstrom into which he was plunging. These writers and others like them have brought the novel to its present dilemma. James Joyce's contribution to ultimate confusion, the work of an undoubted genius, has made him one of the major prophets of disorder. He had managed to telescope time so that the immense wordage of "Ulysses" is spread over a single day in Dublin, and "Finnegans Wake" fills the dream world of a night. Written in a language composed of the fragments of a dozen languages, including Eskimo, "Finnegans Wake" contains, not a single sentence to guide the reader in interpreting it, nor any statement of what it is about. It might be said that man can plunge no deeper into chaos than to destroy the meaning of the words by which he communicates with his fellows.

NEVERTHELESS, through all these years of pessimism and defeatism, years of revolution, war, and depressions, the art of the novel has expanded its purpose and its form until it embraces almost every aspect of life and thought. It has taken over the epic, the dramatic poem, history, philosophy, psychology, popular science, and even education. The problem that now confronts the modern novelist, whether he understands it or not, is whether to continue the work of destruction and negation or to begin to build again on solid ground. It is possible to conceive that the magnetic influence of nihilism, of the conquest of love by cruelty, of hate over joy, and madness over reason, is already beginning to diminish. For a time the current may alternate between the attraction of good and evil, spirituality and atheism, but it may not be long before it turns strongly to the positive poles.

It is reasonable to assume, since the damage of which we were warned by these earlier writers and the novelists of the "lost generation" has been accomplished, and since we are now facing the stark realization of life on

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a planet in which civilization may be destroyed, that the time has come to assess living men and women in other terms. It is even possible to find old words that still have meaning for us who are living in the second fifty years of this century and for our children who may live in contentment in the twenty-first century. Courage is a good word and so are faith in the future and religious belief and hope that there may be an end to the fear of war and its dread companions, starvation, disease, and violent death. There is no doubt that the writers of the near future have on their shoulders an enormous burden since they have the power to create the temper and the mood with which our people can face the dark future. No one would wish to compel or urge them for we have no wish for fallacious optimism or for anything but words spoken from the heart. The time is short; the decision cannot long be delayed. —H. S.

Thomas Mann

IN GOOD health and, let us hope, in good spirit, Thomas Mann will celebrate his seventy-fifth anniversary on June 6 in the city of Zurich, whose ancient streets once echoed to the footsteps of another great humanist and defender of human rights, Voltaire. And like Voltaire he has won the admiration and affection of human beings everywhere, though there have been men who hated him and would have liked to destroy him. No recipient of the Nobel Prize in literature has had a greater right to this honor than Thomas Mann. Before the year 1929 he had produced, among other works, two famous novels, "Buddenbrooks" and "The Magic Mountain," in which he both attacked and was the spokesman for the German middle class; then came "Death in Venice," perhaps the finest novella in modern times, and, finally, "Joseph and His Brothers."

Mann had been studying the old legend of Joseph in his family Bible and had written that he had felt "an indescribable fascination at the idea of leaving the modern bourgeois sphere so far behind and piercing deep, deep into the human." After his return from Stockholm he made archeological visits to Palestine and Egypt. He was lecturing in Holland when the Reichstag went up in flames and he never returned to Germany. Then began his fight against Nazism, which he continued long after he had found refuge in the United States. He returned to the Biblical theme in 1935 with "Young Joseph" and later "Joseph in Egypt," when it was no longer necessary to fight the forces of evil that had driven millions of his countrymen from their homeland. He is now engaged in portraying and awakening the spiritual nature of man, and it is significant that his next novel, "The Chosen One," is drawn from the legend, surviving from the Dark Ages, of the solitary monk who meditated on God and man for seventeen years on a remote rock and who finally became Pope Gregorius.

It is noteworthy that in these turbulent days many of the men and women we cherish and revere are writers. Now that man's life span has increased beyond the Biblical three score and ten, so have his years of creative endeavor lengthened deep into what used to be known as old age. We can hope that Thomas Mann, using George Bernard Shaw as a model, will live for another quarter of a century.

Bookmarks

WHY should a reporter say of an interviewee that "he had no immediate comment"? Is it because "he had no comment" would imply an abrupt refusal to say anything? "No immediate comment," on the other hand, produces a picture of dignified reserve, of a declination to be stampeded, of a determination to observe a cooling-off period of judicial appraisal. Actually, "no immediate comment" is pure editorializing—it puts the subject in a more favorable light than he may deserve. If the subject plans a later statement he is privileged to say so and the reporter is privilged, even obliged, to say so too. "No immediate comment" means, translated, "no comment."

* * *

It must confuse a foreigner to discover that in America a loose woman and a tight woman are likely to be the identical article. —J. T. W.

Good News

▸In New Orleans Criminal District Court Judge Frank T. Echezabel stepped down from his bench as a jury filed in to announce its verdict and stretched out his robe to shield the Negro defendant. Having heard rumors that the defendant would be killed if the jury voted acquittal—which it did—Judge Echezabel declared, "If any attempt to injure or kill the defendant is made it must be done through my body." There was no demonstration in the courtroom.

▸The Institute of International Education annual census of foreign students in the United States reveals that there are 26,433 students from 125 countries in the states and four territories this year. Five years ago there were only 7,000 foreign students here.

▸Piece by piece the barrier between whites and Negroes in Kentucky is being whittled away with no outbreak of racial strife or bitterness accompanying the development. In Louisville the following gains have been reported: The main public library has been opened to Negroes; a former Negro legislator, Charles W. Anderson, Jr., was appointed assistant commonwealth's attorney; a Negro on the police force was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, the highest rank held by a Negro policeman in the South; Federal Court has agreed to hear the suit of Negro taxpayers who are seeking the right to enjoy golf courses and public parks now restricted to white persons only; the Kentucky General Assembly voted to amend the Day Law, which prohibits Negroes and whites from attending the same school. Although two conditions were attached to the amendment (Negroes may attend the institutions if the schools' governing bodies approve and if comparable courses are not available at the State College for Negroes) the amendment was approved by an overwhelming vote in both houses of the Legislature.

▸A Twentieth Century Fund study shows that in the record strike year of 1946 lost working time was only 1.43 per cent of all time worked.

▸With a flood of pennies and pounds, the British are saying thanks for the food gifts sent them by the United States and the Commonwealth countries during and since the war. The money is going into a $5,600,000 national thanksgiving fund to build and maintain a residential and educational center for American and Commonwealth students in London.

▸Current fine films: "City Lights," "No Sad Songs for Me."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hiroshima Orphans

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week* SRL *devotes its* LETTERS *pages to a report on the Hiroshima orphans now adopted by* SRL *readers. Since the original proposal of the moral adoptions plan ("Hiroshima — Four Years Later,"* SRL *Sept. 17, 1949) nine months ago, all seventy-one children in the Yamashita Orphanage have been adopted by* SRL *readers. In addition, eighty children from the four other Hiroshima orphanages are now being helped by families in the USA. Two dollars and twenty-five cents a month will help support one child in a Hiroshima orphanage. Readers wishing to undertake a moral adoption should communicate with* SRL *for further information. Those who feel they cannot take on the responsibility of a specific adoption but still wish to help may send contributions to the Hiroshima Orphanage Fund, care of* SRL. *Any amount will be most welcome, for there is a constant demand for costly medicines and other items not covered by the monthly contributions for particular children.*

Some readers have mistakenly thought that the Yamashita Orphanage was named after the Japanese Army commander. The name comes from Mrs. Teiko Yamashita, whose letter is printed below. In Japan it is as common a name as Johnson in the South.

SIR: Your plea for the atomic-bomb orphans of Japan went straight to my heart, and I am sending you $25 to support a child for a year, preferably a girl. Women are the precious fruit trees of the future Japanese civilization, and only in their childhood can they be given a fair chance of healthy growth.

I wish I could make my check larger but it is at least an expression of my affection for the Japanese people and everlasting gratitude for all the hospitality and beauty they have poured into my life. Despoiled themselves in the last world war, they have nevertheless enabled Miss Thomson and me with their gifts to furnish our home, which the fire destroyed three years ago, and we want to do all we can to pay them a debt which remains immeasurable.

I fervently hope that America will respond to your appeal with its traditional generosity.

HELEN KELLER.

Westport, Conn.

SIR: Rikujo is, indeed, an ideal brother for our four children. We are very pleased at the assignment which you have made. Since he's six years old he just fits exactly into the center of the family. I don't see how you could have done better. The photo shows him to be everything we'd like —eager, intelligent, active, self-possessed. We feel very fortunate.

We've collected some food, clothes, toilet articles, and a toy which we hope will delight his scientific talents. It's a small package but we'll send more when we find out from Mrs. Yamashita what would be useful. Enclosed is our monthly contribution. It seems so small, even in comparison with the cost of the small box we're sending Rikujo. If *SRL* is going to continue handling the funds, I for one vote that the $2.25 a month be increased to cover your administrative costs.

DAVID W. ANGEVINE.

North Kansas City, Mo.

EDITOR' NOTE: *If any reader wishes to second Mr. Angevine's proposal for increasing the amount of his contribution, such an increase will be gratefully accepted.*

SIR: Believing that it will encourage those of your subscribers who have requested moral adoption of Hiroshima A-bomb orphans, and perhaps inspire others to take this step, we hasten to acquaint you with the news that we are the proud "dad and mom" of the first moral-adoption orphan at the Yamashita Orphanage, about which your article so stirringly spoke.

Mrs. Yamashita writes: "Mitsuko Yoshikawa, being the first to be adopted in this manner, has become popular as the 'Number One Moral Adoption.' For her sake not only I but the people of Hiroshima and all Japan think that this news is yet the happiest news of all." Elsewhere in the same letter: "Mitsuko's joy knew no bounds: she is so happy nowadays that she is always bubbling with laughter."

Our new "daughter" wrote us a letter in Japanese, enclosed with an English translation ("Rendered by Liaison Section, Hiroshima City Hall"!), part of which is as follows: "Spring has come round to the world and to me, too. Thank you very much for your kind letter. . . . I feel as if I were dreaming a happy dream. . . . I will try to study hard and be a good daughter to you."

This is the biggest and most exciting dividend of pride and happiness that we can imagine getting for $2.25 per month invested. Mitsuko's piquant face beams at us from her photo on the mantel. We hope many other *SRL* readers will soon enjoy a similar "lift."

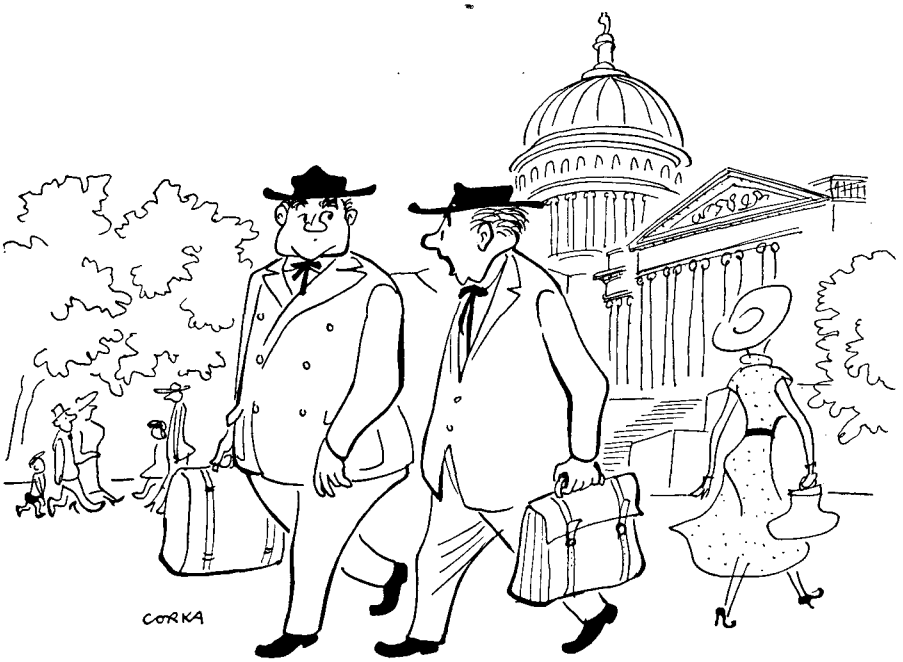
BEN W. FUSON.

Parkville, Mo.

SIR: Yesterday we received a picture of Hitomi Ohta. I daresay you can imagine our excited pleasure and the yards of plans, ideas, and speculations that unwound for the next two hours.

At the post office we filled in details of mailing, purchased International Reply Coupons, and bought him shorts and a wide-striped T-shirt. Most of today we've been getting a package together: pencils, notebooks, candy, swimming shorts, dominoes, handkerchiefs—all sorts of things that my wife, who tutors children to Hitomi's age privately, had in excess supply. Sunday, so unable to shop, we at least wanted to get something started to him. We expect to get another package off this week end coming, and of a somewhat more cheering variety—games, toys, picture books, and an old Brownie camera with film; probably snapshots of ourselves.

Anyhow, we thought you'd like to know that we intend to take as good care of Hitomi as we possibly can. And that we thank you for bringing something into our lives that we're beginning to think was unknowingly needed, aside from being an unmistakable affirmation of the single thing in the hearts of all of us. And for keeping us so well posted on developments in letters that gave us the feel-



"My constituents are beginning to think I'm dead on my feet. I've never been investigated and I can't dig up enough rumors to investigate anyone else."

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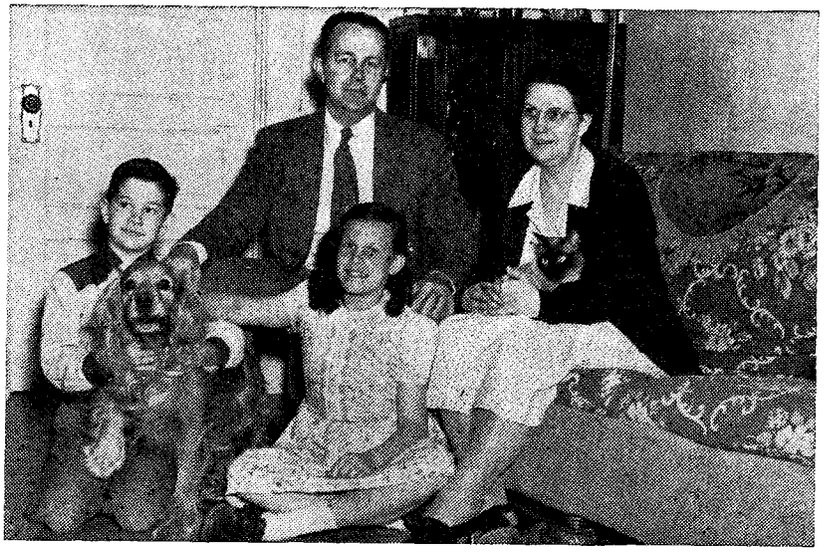
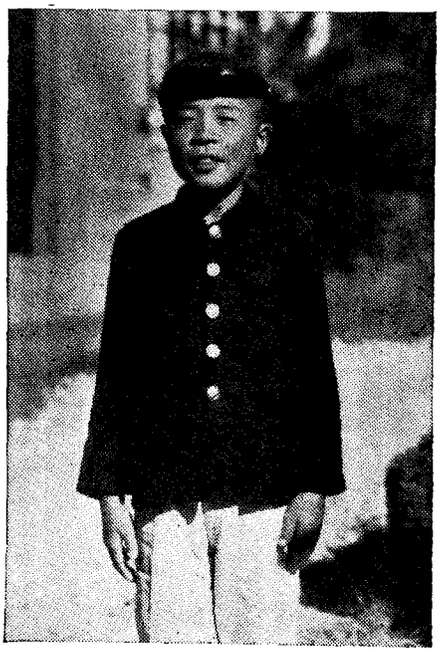
Hiroshima Orphans Adopted by SRL Readers

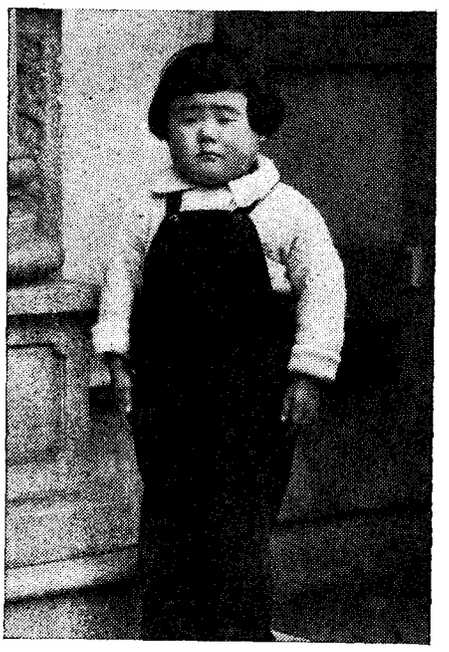


Mitsuko Yoshikawa Fuson and her family—"the biggest and most exciting dividend of pride and happiness."

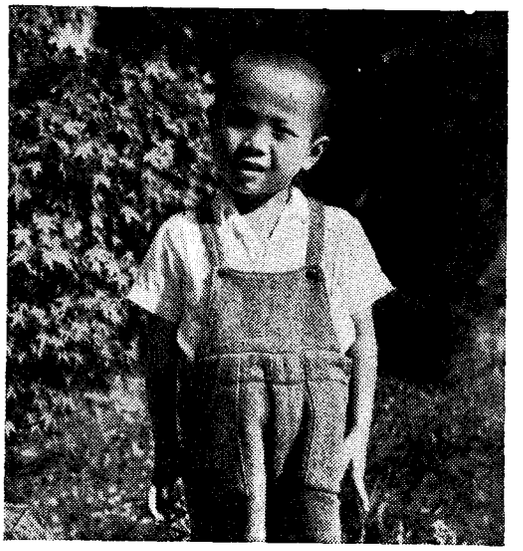
Yoshiaki Shimamoto Zaser — "he'd probably be sporting a cowboy suit."



Gishu Masuda (Lions Club)—"the Lions seem much pleased with our new 'son.'"



Keiko Kihara Snoddy—"we are delighted with our little butter-ball!"



The Angevines (Katherine, Jeanne, Ched, Laurene) and Rikujo Miyamoto Angevine—"he fits into the center of the family."

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Child-Hall at Hiroshima Shudoin Orphanage, one of five orphanages now in the moral-adoption plan. The buildings, destroyed by the A-bomb, are but partially restored.

ing we were really talking this over, finding the best way to make the project work.

WARD AND BARBARA KEYN.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: We are indeed delighted with our little butter-ball! I find her little hands especially appealing, reflecting as they do the transition from babyhood to childhood, just like those of our own small daughter. Yes, we certainly do plan to continue our participation in the moral-adoption project as long as we can. I enclose a check to complete the first year.

We received today our first letter from Mr. Kitamura, the director of the Shudoin Orphanage, and a wonderful letter from our Keiko's fourteen-year-old sister, who seems to be sensitive and gifted. Truly we are embarked on a wonderful experience in the humanities. Would you let us know if the older girl has been assigned to any family yet? We would like to add her to our family too, if possible.

MRS. JOHN SNODDY.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: Concerning the moral parents no adequate words of thanks can be found in my dictionary. I thank you very much, that is all I can say. From many moral parents in your country come kind and gentle letters in large numbers, and the children are rearing much more pleasantly.

When a child hears about his moral parent he writes the name on a card. One boy says smiling, "Mine is in California," while a girl says, "My mother is a music teacher." They are all very proud, with filial heartiness. They put the pictures from America near their beds every night. I feel as relieved as if the proposal of marriage for all my sons and daughters were decided.

The children go to the Hatsukaichi schools, about twenty minutes' walk from here. Two days a week they study English from the teachers coming here on special contract. They are absorbed with studying it more and more ever since letters of moral adoption began to come from America.

Spring can be felt everywhere with hillsides tinged with verdure. The wind is not so severe as it was and the children are playing cheerfully out in the sun. Looking at them, I find myself in a disposition to pray for the happy lot that has come to visit them. I thank you who have given good parents and pleasant hope to all seventy-one of the children.

TEIKO YAMASHITA.

Yamashita Orphanage,
Hiroshima City, Japan.

SIR: You may be interested in the letter we received recently from Gishu Masuda, the orphan who has been adopted by the Olivet Lions Club. The comb which Gishu refers to is a pocket comb in a purple case with the Lions emblem stamped in gold on the outside. This is a souvenir of the father-and-son banquet held in Olivet under the sponsorship of the Lions club. At this banquet Gishu was introduced as the adopted son.

Dear Mr. Moor:

Thank you for the long letter and pictures which you sent just for me. They arrived just as I was beginning to wonder if I would ever receive a letter from America. Inside, with the letter and snaps, was a comb, which I am using with great care. The letter I was able to read with the help of an English teacher.

I am in my second year at Sokotu Middle School (Junior High) of Hiroshima City. Our school is a religious one and is located near the Ota river, with the Oshiba park not far away. I commute to school by train.

The Yawata river flows near the house where I live and the Seto Inland Sea is to the front. Itsukushima, one of the three most scenic spots in Japan, is located southwest of here (next time I shall buy a picture of it and send it to you) and behind the house are mountains. The surrounding area is covered with fields of wheat and potatoes. Trains and streetcars run nearby and transportation facilities are very good. Won't you come for a visit?

We call Mr. and Mrs. Yamashita, who are in charge of the orphanage, grandfather and grandmother. They are doing all they can for our sake; therefore we do not have to suffer privations.

I like baseball and am pitcher of our school team. Do you have a baseball team and playing grounds? If you have a team please send me the names and respective positions of the players.

Right now I am in the midst of my studies so I shall have to write later. Please give my best regards to Mr. Hugh Dorman and all the members of the Lions Club, whose letters I am looking forward to. Please take good care of yourselves. I, too, shall be careful and study hard so as to become a good citizen.

Praying for your good health, I remain

GISHU MASUDA.

There remains only to add that the Lions seem much pleased with our new "son," for whom we are indebted to you. We are now trying to assemble a scrapbook album, asking each Lion to take a half page or page for pictures and a note of information about himself and his interests.

ARTHUR P. MOOR.

Olivet, Mich.

SIR: I have written Yoshiaki asking his needs. I assume they are fed an adequate diet and from the picture he seems clothed about as any American youngster—unless he lives out this way, in which case he'd probably be sporting a cowboy suit.

I was a little perturbed by the fact that Yoshiaki is already fourteen years old and will be ready for college in three or four years. I have a youngster interested in medical training whom I had anticipated helping and had thought to have a few years in between to build up a reserve fund. Our business is still in the process of getting on its feet so that I don't have a lot of spare cash; however, I decided to make use of the facilities at my disposal and encourage cooperation from our radio audience, which should take care of the matter.

VICKI ZASER.

Burley, Ida.

Hiroshima Orphanages

Five Hiroshima orphanages are now receiving assistance under the moral-adoption plan. They are:

YAMASHITA: Director, Mrs. Teiko Yamashita.

NINOSHIMA GAKUEN: Director, Hidemaro Mori.

SHINSEN GAKUEN: Director, Yorito Kamiguri.

SHUDOIN: Director, Takayoshi Kitamuri.

HIKARI-NO-SONO: Director, Mother Elizabeth Nagata.

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Music to My Ears

I CANNOT SING THE NEW SONGS

SONGS, generically speaking, are something that Americans have talent to write. A week end with a radio will convince anyone of that. But not the kind of songs that were offered at Columbia University's sixth annual festival of contemporary American music in late May. For these were "serious" songs, and whether by Aaron Copland or the less known John Edmunds (Howard Swanson fared better) nothing for native pride to boast about.

Whatever may be said against the customary Tin-Pan Alley product—and it is almost limitless—the tunes have an outline, the words fit the music, and there is a degree of natural flow from start to finish. On this evening at the McMillan Academic Theatre broken syllables strewed the stage and the air was thick with unarticulated vowels and consonants. Half the audience strained its eyes in the dark to *read* the words—which were being sung in its own mother tongue—while the other half fought a losing battle with drowsiness.

To a degree this was chargeable to inexpert performance but in larger degree the blame was the composers' for their sins against clarity, phraseology, and sense in the placement of accents and stresses. John Edmunds's desire to pay tribute to the destroyed Coventry Cathedral was reasonable enough, his choice of lyrics by Melville, Blake, Bunyan, Patmore, and Thomas Wyatt understandable. I doubt, though, that even the poets could have followed the words in these settings. Presumably his search was for an unhackneyed musical idiom but when it involves leaps and skips so antivocal that the singer can have only half a mind on the meaning of the song, you have just what you have—scarcely singable, and even less listenable, eccentricity.

Copland's cycle of twelve Emily Dickinson lyrics offended less in this respect, and among them there are several of genuine expressiveness—he is, after all, a composer of resource and skill who could hardly create a half-hour's music without reaching some layer of durable thought. But the octave leap followed by the fall of a sixth can become a mannerism and the quizzical inflection an irritation. For my taste, "Dear March, Come In" was a creation of charm and character, and the last two—"Going to Heaven!" and "Because I Could Not Stop for Death"—worth all that had gone before.

At the end, however, I felt a lack of identity between written word and musical setting, a bareness and rather gray tinge in the piano writing, which hardly accorded with the intimate, unaggressive muse of Dickinson. Rather than surrounding the texts and warming them to new life, Copland's treatment broke into smallish fragments the flow of Dickinson's thought. In conclusion. I confess to an old-fashioned affection for harmonic points of rest, and contrast, which Copland's method did not provide.

How much re-creative ability can contribute to an impression of creative quality was demonstrated by Helen Thigpen, a wholly expert singer, who was heard in a group of songs by the little known Howard Swanson. I cannot say much about "Four Preludes for Voice and Piano" because the T. S. Eliot texts were not included in the program book—copyright problems, possibly—and Miss Thigpen's enunciation is hardly *that* good. But Swanson's treatment of Markham's "The Valley," Sandburg's "Junk Man," and two Langston Hughes lyrics—"Night Song" and "Joy"—suggested a talent of uncommon freshness and lack of pretense.

WHEN he wrote of "Joy" keeping company with "the butcher boy" it was almost in terms of "Joy is busting out all over" but it was also clean, direct, lyric enthusiasm not too much concerned with what the boys in the aisle seats might think. In consequence most of them thought it was pretty good. "Junk Man" had a pseudo-Moussorgsky macabre quality, which no doubt Swanson can refine, and "Night Song" veers dangerously to the pop. formula. But it all showed a lively sensitivity to words, which Miss Thigpen embellished strongly with her bright soprano voice, her competent control of the half-voice, and a real sense of articulation.

Alice Howland, mezzo, and James Pease, baritone, alternated in the Edmunds songs, according to the composer's directions. Both performed conscientiously, but nobody could pronounce a judgment on their efficiency in material so wanting in profile. Miss Howland also sang the Copland cycle—industriously, intelligently, but not very successfully. Her mezzo tones are too broad, hardly agile enough to be Dickinsonian. At the piano Copland was not an eloquent spokesman for himself either.

Other vocal music heard in these concerts without affecting a general impression was Ben Weber's "Concert Aria after Solomon, V: 10-16" for soprano, wind ensemble, and strings and Arthur Shepherd's "Triptych" for soprano and string quartet, based on poems from Tagore's "Gitanjali." The Shepherd was sensitive, expressive work within a conventional framework, the Weber adventurous but not convincing.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

—James C. Campbell.

Aaron Copland, Helen Thigpen (pianist David Allen)—"joy is busting out all over."

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Seeing Things

RECESSIONAL

AS SURELY as mountain ranges climb to peaks, careers rise to their summits. It is hard to pick out the highest of these at the moment of its being reached. Even in retrospect specifying them can be a hazardous business. I feel fairly safe, however, in contending that June 22 and 23, 1938, cannot have been unpleasant days for Walt Disney. Superman though he is, he would not be human had they not been for him days when the earth was very much in tune.

On the first of these June days, along with Thomas Mann, Lord Tweedsmuir, and Serge Koussevitzky, Mr. Disney received an honorary degree at Yale. He must have been gratified by President Seymour's citation, which described him as the "creator of a new language of art, who has brought the joy of deep laughter to millions and, by touching the heart of humanity without distinction of race, has served as an ambassador of international good will." He must have been even more delighted when William Lyon Phelps presented him to Dr. Seymour as the man who "labored like a mountain and brought forth a mouse, with which he conquered the whole world."

The very next day, and once again in Lord Tweedsmuir's company, Mr. Disney received the same kind of tribute at Harvard. There he was characterized by President Conant as "a magician who has created a modern dwelling for the muses; his hand controls a multitude of elfish animals who charm all humans by their mirth."

These two days of academic honors could not have displeased even so unacademic a figure as Mr. Disney. Although neither university could pretend to have discovered him, both had put upon him the official seal of recognition which Mr. Disney's admirers everywhere had long since been convinced was his due. There were, to be sure, big Disney years ahead. "Pinocchio," "Bambi," "Dumbo," and "Fantasia" were still in the offing. But by the spring of 1938 the tide of Mr. Disney's reputation, if not at the flood, was approaching it.

He had created a new world by animating an old one. His imagination was as universally recognized as the rough-and-tumble of his humor was appreciated. He did not have to hire actors. He merely had to draw them, and they in turn drew huge audiences and countless devotees. Unlike Darwin, who had contented himself with writing about the origin of the species, Mr. Disney had originated a species of his own. He was an unnatural rather than a natural historian. The animal kingdom over which he ruled supreme was an inspired cross between Aesop and the comic strips. The Ark never housed such high-spirited and rambunctious creatures as his. Had it done so, it might have been a happier ship but its chances of keeping afloat for those forty days and nights would have been lessened.

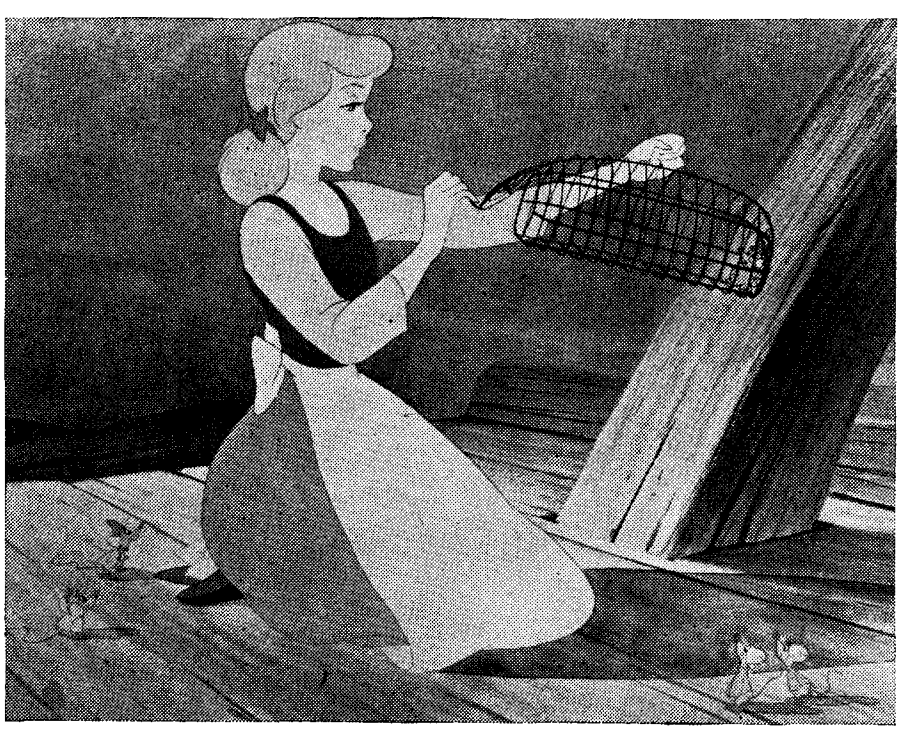
Wherever there were motion-picture theatres Mickey Mouse had by 1938 proved a rodent with the beckoning abilities of the Pied Piper. Mr. Disney's Donald was a duck which had by then flown much farther than Ibsen's wild one. His Three Little Pigs had reached markets undreamed of by the Cudahys, the Swifts, and the Armours. No house was safe against the huffing and puffing of his Big Bad Wolf. His Pluto was a pet to millions unable to identify Sirius, that oldest dog star.

Moreover, this same 1938 which had brought academic honors to Mr. Disney was a year that had been made at once the more agreeable and memorable by the release of his "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Plainly his career had taken on a new dimension. It was as if a master of the short story had triumphed as a novelist. Regardless of the reservations some of us may have had about the vacuity of Mr. Disney's Snow White, the frightening wickedness of his Witch, or the utter blankness of his Prince Charming, his birds and squirrels (which used their tails like Fuller brushes) and, above all, his Seven Dwarfs had captured everyone's heart and imagination. Mr. Disney's conquest of adults was as thoroughgoing as his victory over universities and youth.

I COULD not help thinking back to the Disney of 1938 and those subsequent peak years when recently I sat before his "Cinderella."* I could not help thinking back to the enthusiasm which I had then felt for his work and which, little by little, has chilled into indifference.

There are enchanting moments in his new film; moments of pure Disneyana; moments when such humanized animals as Gus-Gus, the thick-headed

**CINDERELLA, a Walt Disney feature-length cartoon based on the Charles Perrault fairy tale. Story by William Peed, Ted Sears, Erdman Penner, Winston Hibler, and Harry Reeves. Directed by Wilfred Jackson, Hamilton Luske, and Clyde Geronimi. Musical direction by Oliver Wallace and Paul Smith, with songs by Mack David, Jerry Levingstone, and Al Hoffman. Production supervised by Ben Sharpsteen. Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures.*



—From "Cinderella."

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mouse, Lucifer, the swollen but sinister cat, or Bruno, the Plutoish canine, cast the old Disney spell. There is a fine sequence, too, in which a shower of soap bubbles makes the screen magical. There is the even more mesmerizing interlude in which, while tiny twinkling stars spout from the Fairy Godmother's wand, the pumpkin is transformed into a coach and Cinderella's friendly mice into horses. As "Bibbidi-Bobbidi Boo" was being sung I must admit I rejoiced in something of that same sense of release which all of us used to experience when we responded to "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?," "Whistle While You Work," "Heigh-Ho," "Hi Diddle Dee Dee," or "When I See an Elephant Fly."

Yet, trusting the estate of Parson Weems will not sue me for plagiarism, I cannot tell a lie. Then and there my enjoyment of "Cinderella" came to a precipitous end. The wonder I had first felt in the presence of Mr. Disney's work was absent; the original delight had fled. Misgivings pushed satisfaction aside; tedium replaced surrender. Ennui, and not a minor ennui either, had set in. Save for the exceptions noted above, it plagued me during most of the performance.

It is easy for me to find rational explanations for my sorry state. "Cinderella" may be a young-girl's dream or an old-wives' tale but, as a story, it is scarcely an older man's delight. I remember resisting it as a boy and finding it yawnful even when jam-stealing was my notion of the ultimate sin. The reasons for my disrelish of Mr. Disney's treatment of it did not stop there. Since the film left my attention unemployed, it gave me time to explore them.

For example, there are the technical problems with which this drudge-into-princess fable confronts Mr. Disney. Mr. Disney has never done his best work in the human zoo. His creatures, fur- or feather-bearing, have been his matchless creations—these and such of his masterpieces of grotesquerie as the Seven Dwarfs. His heroes and heroines, in particular, have eluded him. They have tended to be bloodless transparencies cursed with wafer faces. They have not been individuals; they have been vacant lots. His wicked mortals, although more successful, have likewise left something to be desired. As a rule, they have been no more than funny-paper figures which have satisfied the kiddie-car rather than the carriage trade.

Mr. Disney is, of course, free to populate his "Cinderella" with as many animals as he pleases, and with these he scores his expected success. He is, however, also committed to

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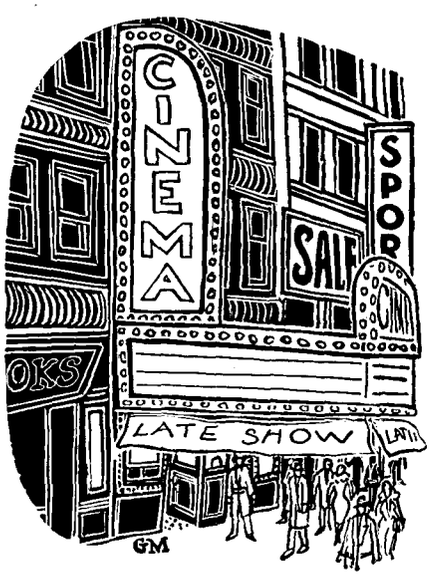
representing an unusually large number of human characters. The story being the story it is, he cannot turn his back on Cinderella, her stepmother, the two stepsisters, the Fairy Godmother, the Prince, the King, and his emissary (call him chamberlain, Grand Duke, or what you will). In other words, this means that Mr. Disney starts with eight strikes against him.

There is yet another rational cause for having lost one's first enthusiasm for Mr. Disney's products. No one can minimize his contribution, question his invention, or challenge his imagination. Yet Mr. Disney's taste has always been an uncertain factor. Each passing year has made this clearer and clearer. Certainly his mixture of drawn and real people in such a film as "The Three Caballeros" was one of the most unfortunate experiments since Prohibition.

Then, for a gay and witty fellow, Mr. Disney's calendar has, in his longer efforts, included an unconscionable number of St. Valentine's days. He can swig syrup apparently under the impression that he is drinking coffee. His is a wavering genius. At one moment he can function brilliantly and unmistakably as an artist; at the next he can sink below the standards of a greeting-card designer. "Cinderella" abounds in such unfortunate lapses. Consider Mr. Disney's treatment of the King's palace. Most of us have long ago outlived our infatuation for Maxfield Parrish. One might guess from the tapering towers of Mr. Disney's castle that he was just beginning his. As a matter of cold and ugly fact, he manages to out-Parrish Parrish in conjuring sentimental dreamlands, royal residences built on clouds, and wedding-cake versions of Mont St. Michel.

Mr. Disney's Cinderella offers difficulties of her own. She is a blank-faced blonde, armed Al Capp-a-pie with the allurements of Daisy Mae. Although she may have to do the dirty work around her stepmother's home, she remains miraculously undirtied. There is nothing of the ill-used waif about her. Plainly she eats well, is delighted with her looks, and from the outset is bound to win the Prince. She is, in short, a smug little number with a mind as empty as a diary received on Christmas morning. Her animal magnetism is infinite. This is proved by her being attended by enough adoring mice and birds to try the patience of St. Francis.



What bothers me with "Cinderella," however, is not this or that reservation I happen to have about it. What I cannot explain to my own satisfaction is why over the years Mr. Disney's films, in spite of their persisting virtues, have ceased to give me pleasure. They continue to grow in their technical excellences. They continue to boast their first ingenuities. They continue to demonstrate in incident after incident that the man responsible for them is a genius. Yet, where I once hastened to see them, I must confess I now feel inclined to avoid them. If I speak personally, it is because no reviewer can speak with finality for any person except himself. To do this with any accuracy is in itself a sizable task.

But to return to Mr. Disney and my present indifference to an erstwhile enthusiasm. Is it because I have grown older? Is it because repetition is bound to have robbed his work of its novelty? Is it because Mr. Disney at present fails me or I fail him? Or is it because of the very nature of the medium at which he excels? Is it because this is a medium that, in spite of the courage and success of his attempts to alter and enlarge it, is nonetheless limited?

I cannot say. I do not know. I know only that my infidelity disturbs me. I cannot deny it. It exists. As the Bard of Brattle Street would have put it, it is real, it is earnest. It is more, I suspect, than the product of capriciousness. Overexposure has, doubtless, played its part. Even so, such ingratitude shames me. Yet there it is—stubborn, insistent, and genuine. The paradox is that, though formerly I would have sworn mine was a life membership in that huge fraternity known as the Disney Club, I no longer find myself capable even of a sustaining membership. I cannot quite bring myself to end an association, once so pleasant, by resigning. I have, however, discovered the advantages of a nonresident status. To my surprise I have come to realize I am happiest, and most loyal, when I stay away from meetings.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

U. S. A.

(*Continued from page* 12)

doing so well) are cotton textiles and bituminous coal; those occupying the padded bench reserved for unrepentant monopolistic sinners include residential home builders and a patent empire in glass containers.

LABOR DICTIONARY, by Paul Hubert Casselman. Philosophical Library. $7.50. By way of testing Mr. Casselman's volume against a practical situation, I came to it as a pilgrim seeking enlightenment on the recent embroglio which featured John L. Lewis, the coal operators, and the United States Government. Perhaps I was asking too much of a book that comes billed as "an unbiased and concise dictionary of labor information," for Mr. Lewis's methods are so unorthodox as to elude ready definition and it is next to impossible to be "unbiased" about him. But there was the book and there was the coal strike, so why not?

My search turned up no information on the following—I think reasonable—items: "United Mine Workers," "willing and able clause," "welfare fund," "royalty," and "criminal conspiracy." Nothing immediately pertinent came out of an eighteen-line "biography" of Mr. Lewis or a page on the Taft-Hartley Act, which last contains the astonishing statement that "the Act is presently [June 1949] in the process of being repealed." There was, however, a good working definition of a "captive mine."

In fairness to the author, it should be said that his book runs to 2,461 entries, that these are as objective as his prefatory note hopes they are, and that he is the first to plow a field "which is not only one of academic disagreement but . . . of active conflict and of direct opposition." But Mr. Casselman hopes also that union officials, their rank-and-file, personnel managers, Government officials, teachers, students, and writers will consult this work. Well, maybe. But Messrs. Lewis, Love, Ching, Cole, Denham, and Truman—not to say the general public—would have found neither guidance nor comfort.

COURT IS IN SESSION, by Isaac D. Levy and Bernard J. Smolens. Crown. $2.50. At the start, the authors of these fifteen television scripts that are herein committed to type and the bound volume remark that although the courts are open, "scarcely one person in five thousand has ever witnessed a trial." That may be an exaggeration but they are undoubtedly on sounder

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ground when they say that a corrective is needed to the popular impressions of law and justice that are promoted by "short, hastily written newspaper accounts" and "inaccurate, overdramatized movie and radio portrayals." To that purpose they offer their video writings, which were originally performed in Philadelphia by genuine judges and court attachés, real prosecutors and defense attorneys, typical witnesses and make-believe criminals. Spectator juries rendered the verdicts.

The ambition behind these proceedings is commendable and the shows were doubtless entertaining. But the cases as demonstrations of "just how justice is administered" are another thing. They do give an adequate generalized picture of courtroom procedure in civil and criminal actions, a point which former Justice Owen J. Roberts makes in his laudatory foreword. But they are obvious contrivances of contradictory pieces of evidence so nicely balanced against each other that it is apparent that holding the viewing audience, not dramatizing the plight of John Doe run afoul of the law, was the guiding consideration.

—Peter R. Levin.

AGRICULTURAL PROGRESS IN THE COTTON BELT, by John Edmund Fulmer. University of North Carolina Press. $3.50. Farm machinery, the arrival of competitive industries, and coincident changes in diet have created vast change in the agricultural methods of the ten Cotton Belt states since 1930. Dr. Fulmer, an associate professor of rural economics at the University of Virginia, adequately describes the changes that have taken place throughout the area as a result of the tractor, the dairy herds, village industries, and the mechanical cotton-picker.

He deals successively with regional trends, changes in farm organizations, mechanization, urbanization, and income shifts. Important supplements to his text are fifty-five tables and twenty-six charts.

Here is a scholarly array of facts and statistics showing how and why the sharecropper is disappearing and pointing out indications of the sufficiency-homesteading and diversified farming that will succeed him.

In common with all rural economists, Dr. Fulmer has his own ideas re the disposition of cotton-crop surpluses and calls for stronger educational measures against soil erosion and excess cash-cropping practices.

The nineteen pages of the statistical appendix are, in themselves, a vivid contemporary picture of Cotton Belt farms.

—Robert West Howard.

FICTION

(*Continued from page 15*)

of the elements make survival a somewhat miraculous event. In addition to an already exciting story Mr. Innes gives us a fabulous account of a whale hunt which is accurate in every detail.

Although the characterizations are a trifle thin, we are nevertheless absorbed in the destinies of Craig, the Blands, Dr. Howe, Gerda, Aldo Bonomi, and the rest. They are subjected to incredible perils, but their ability to survive remains within the bounds of credibility. Each glimmer of hope for rescue is no sooner conceived than it is shattered by some new and greater threat to their lives. Mr. Innes proves himself an able craftsman in deftly maintaining the love and mystery angles of the story at secondary levels while the struggle of man-against-nature takes place. The reader's interest is steadily held at a high level of suspense.

"The Survivors" has appeared serially in *The Saturday Evening Post* under the title "Calling the Southern Cross."

Amber Correspondent & Beaux

SHRIEK WITH PLEASURE. By Toni Howard. New York: Prentice-Hall. 257 *pp.* $2.75.

By Patricia Highsmith

"THIS is, frankly, a sensational novel," begins the jacket blurb of "Shriek with Pleasure" and, there is no doubt about it, American readers are going to shriek with horror very soon after making the acquaintance of the heroine, Carla MacMurphy.

Carla is a young American newspaper correspondent in Germany who spends more time drinking than writing and more time sleeping around than doing anything else. Indeed, her hoppings in and out of beds, if totaled up throughout these 257 pages, might set some kind of sexo-literary record for the year. Especially is Carla willing if the young man, or even old man, can write her *Washington Globe-Dispatch* column for her or be of any other service, however trivial. One such character even as a heroine wouldn't be such a surprise but Miss Howard has cast all her other characters, American newspaper correspondents and military personnel—the representatives of America in Germany, in other words—in the same mold. The only personage of value as a human being is Charles Poignon, a French political writer, who unfortunately falls in love with Carla but has the manhood to throw her out of his life when he discovers the pampered, corrupt little whatsit that she is.

Toni Howard — "sexo-literary record for the year."

The second reaction of American readers will be to wonder how much of this is typical. Since Carla nowhere runs into difficulties in her bribing, plum-grabbing, and seducing, we presume the author means to say: "All the Americans in Germany are like this."

As to story, Carla shacks up with a correspondent named Bill Somers in Berlin, leaves him for the Frenchman in Munich, leaves him for several others, and acquires a magnificent Tatra automobile, purchased with American cigarettes, which she loves better than anything. At the end of the book the Tatra is taken from her —it was stolen goods and she knew it —and her last boy friend deserts her. But this isn't retribution by any means. Carla is on her way to the Far East for more of the same fun and is already making eyes at the airplane co-pilot. Not much of a story but the author tells it with swinging strokes that hammer home her theme: corruption. Toni Howard was a correspondent herself from the Normandy invasion until after the Nuremberg trials. There is a wonderful ring of authenticity in her background and her characters, too. That is what makes her novel so disturbing.

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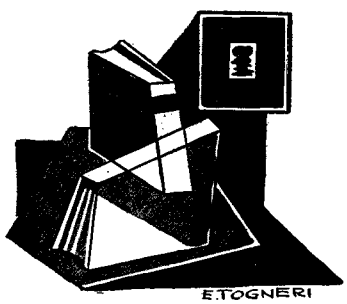
Fiction Notes

THE GOLDEN TAG, by Elliott Chaze. Simon & Schuster. $3. The hero of "The Golden Tag," Steve Monoghan, is a working newspaperman in the New Orleans bureau of the Inter-Global Wire Service. He is married with one child and another on the way. The novel he has been writing in his spare time is rejected by a New York publisher with the comment that "it lacks direction, is slight, and whereas it is amusing and bright, has no substance to it."



The author of "The Golden Tag," Elliott Chaze, is a working newspaperman who used to be with the New Orleans bureau of AP. He is married and has two children and the novel *he* wrote in his spare time obviously was accepted. That, unfortunately, is the sole difference.

Mr. Chaze, who before this managed a fairly amusing tough-guy story of seven paratroopers in occupied Japan called "The Stainless Steel Kimono" must be a helluva good guy. It sticks out all over. Steve Monoghan is a helluva good guy too. Human, regular. So is his wife, Sally, and his son, Tim. In fact everybody is a helluva good guy; Seymour, his boss, and Casey, the photographer, and Mrs. Barclay with the bulging bosom, who lives next door and whose husband travels—everybody. And they all have troubles (in a helluva nice way) and get drunk and make passes and go through a hurricane and just plain go on living. I don't mean to say that this is a shallow book. Not by any means. Steve Monoghan has something to say, and he says it:

> To my way of thinking [he is telling Seymour, his boss, after his novel has been rejected for the reasons above] a man's life *has* no direction. He's got his job and his family, and a certain kind of toothpaste, but that's about all the thread there is to it. But you sit down and write yourself a book or a story and it's supposed to read like everything the characters do is slanted at proving something or other. . . . I think a really accurate book would show the people that nothing ever comes of most things; that life goes on pretty much without a pattern for the average man, nothing slanted at nothing.

Next week Edgar A. Guest on the problems of the artist in society.

—Lionel Clay.

DOWN THE LONG SLIDE, by Tom Hopkinson. Morrow. $2.50. This is a mildly amusing satire on a small totalitarian state in the Balkans which, though nameless, is obviously a satellite of Soviet Russia. The hero—or should we say the victim?—is one Brusilov, at the top of the heap as director of the State Publishing House, who in a battle at a committee meeting quite suddenly develops the well-justified suspicion that his number is up, that a purge is being organized, and that he is to follow his indispensable assistant, Dorcek, into limbo—death, the salt mines, or demotion. Brusilov, who has been a loyal servant of the New System, does not know why he is thus summarily to be dealt with, but the pattern is unmistakable; Brusilov has seen too many of his colleagues similarly disposed of.

Brusilov is not a man to let ultimate misfortune come to him. Hence, on first warning he takes prompt steps to make his escape, no easy matter. He is already being shadowed by dicks. He makes arrangements to smuggle his undesired wife, Maia, and his little son, Paul, out of the country. Then, being fully aware of secret-police methods, he makes arrangements for his own escape. The bulk of the brief narrative deals with adventures he meets on the way while eluding the pursuers on his trail. He takes penultimate refuge, just before crossing the frontier, with a woman he had loved before he met Maia and whom, apparently, he still prefers to his own wife. His thoughts, as the story closes, have nothing of the Iron Curtain about them; rather they are of a man lost in his newly-found freedom, reflecting sentimentally about the only thing left him after his fall: his love and yearning for his little son.

—J. C.

THE BRIDE OF NEWGATE, by John Dickson Carr. Harper. $3. In his twenty-seventh book Mr. Carr has made a stab at proving himself "a master of the historical novel." He is not, however, so excellent a swordsman as Dick Darwent, the hero of this mystery yarn, who can cut off a man's sidewhiskers with a saber stroke yet leave his ears intact. Despite Mr. Carr's prodigious research and accurate descriptions concerning London at the beginning of the nineteenth century his characters and backgrounds remain wholly incidental to the mystery puzzle he has so ingeniously invented. Only one question leads the reader to the final pages of his book, "Who is the murderer of Lord Francis Orford?"

The opening chapters introduce Dick Darwent as the friendless victim of political injustice railroaded to Newgate Prison and about to hang for a murder he never committed. In exchange for fifty pounds he consents to wed beautiful Caroline Ross, who must marry in order to inherit her grandfather's fortune. Dick's last wish is to leave a small legacy to his mistress, Dolly Spencer. Caroline's sole desire is to secure a fortune through a husband who will be hanged in the morning. But Dick is saved from the gallows, inherits a fortune of his own, and sets out to find the real murderer. His exploits are strongly reminiscent of those movie heroes portrayed by the late Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Mr. Carr is certainly no novice at devising plot twists or building suspense. Fans of his detective fiction will not be disappointed in "The Bride of Newgate."

—J. M. G.

THE LONG DISCOVERY, by John Burgan. Farrar, Straus. $3. This novel's locale is a coal-mining town and its characters' lives are inseparably welded to the fortunes and misfortunes of an intractable and unruly industry. The time of the story is 1925, just before the first effective blows were delivered against an anachronistic industrial feudalism that lingered on in many Pennsylvania towns. The third decade of our century was not only the time of Gentlemen Prefer Blondes from Little Rock, Coolidge prosperity, bathtub gin, leggy flappers, etc.; it was also the time of the organized hoodlumism of the Klan, unprecedented cynical contempt for the law, feverish restlessness as labor organized more tightly and became conscious of its barely used strength. These symptoms of our awkwardest age the novelist uses only to fill in a chink or round off a corner of his smooth narrative, for "The Long Discovery" is not sociological fiction. The author is concerned with people and their search for happiness (a word which is not in the vocabulary of any of them). This potentially banal theme of the soap operas he handles with a skilful avoidance of sentimentality.

The key to the appeal of this novel is its serenity. Except for the doltish Klansmen, the characters are kindly, substantial, sometimes blundering in their groping for right action. For the most part they miss their objective in their search; yet, like most people after all, they live out their years with a dignity and serenity which give this unpretentious novel a quiet strength and charm somewhat rare in a time when so many books aim to shock, astound, or terrify.

—Richard A. Cordell.

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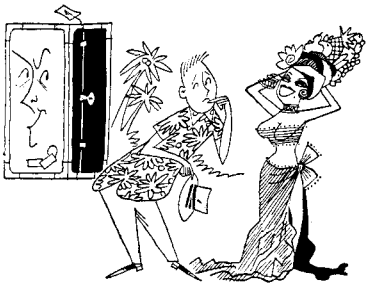
BOOKED for TRAVEL

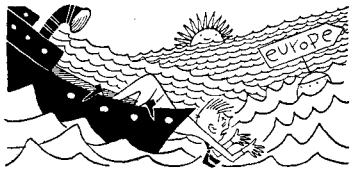
SRL'S TEN TIPS FOR TOURISTS

1. Change a few dollars into foreign currency before leaving the States. The outstretched palms that will greet your arrival abroad will less likely belong to the Mayor of Cherbourg than an anxious porter.



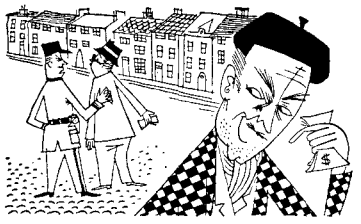
2. Don't bring a trunk. It will follow you as relentlessly as an indigent in-law, and be just as useful.

3. Don't rely solely on nylon shirts or slips if you are bound for Paris, Southern France, or Italy. In the hot countries nylon is a portable Turkish bath.



4. Before departing ask your doctor for the latest in motion-sickness and dysentery cures. Don't see Europe on the run.

5. Don't give money to beggars who carry sleeping children. The children are usually rented as a prop and often drugged.



6. Don't exchange dollars with shady characters who approach you on the street. You're liable to get short changed, counterfeit money, recalled bills, or arrested.

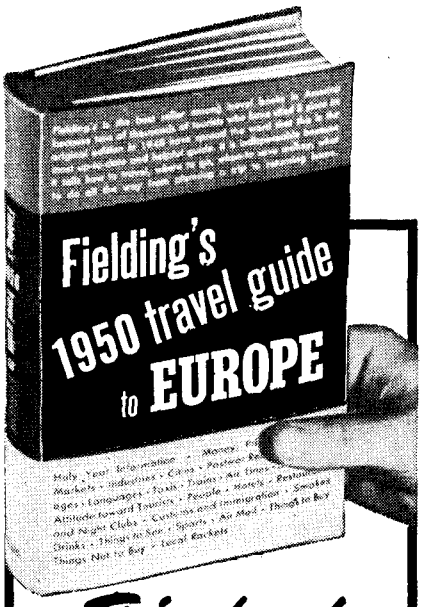
7. Even if you don't smoke bring along the full allowance of cigarettes. Not even an American movie queen brings more of a smile to a European's face.

8. If you buy American cigarettes from a roving vendor, open a pack before you pay him. They may be artfully packed and contain straw.

9. Many restaurants automatically add a 15-per-cent tip to your bill. Add a few cents extra for good service, but don't leave another full tip. You're making it hard for the tourist who follows you.

10. Don't carry a handbag with a loose clasp. That sad-eyed child you're coddling may have the fingers of Paderewski and a Fagin for a father.

—HORACE SUTTON.



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THE FINE ARTS

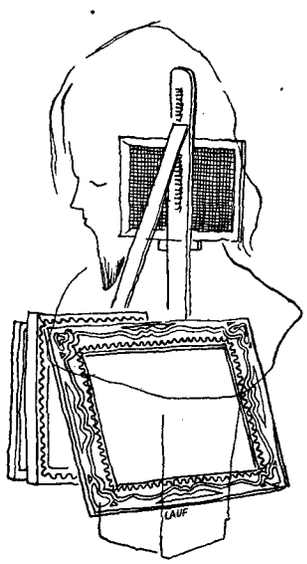
FARE ON FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

THIS is the time of year when all but the most hardy art critics, having gorged for months at Fifty-seventh Street's board, are stricken with violent indigestion. The very variety of what is offered by the New York galleries is a trial to the critical system. The fare ranges from Cordon Bleu to Greasy Spoon, with a qualitative average supplied by the Automat. This spring, especially, the victuals have come on with bewildering rapidity. From so swift and bulging a repast how much can one enjoy? I will try to remember some of the specialties of the season now past, limiting the survey to one course per gallery, for reasons of space.

Nineteen fifty began vigorously with shows of Leonid (Durlacher), Miró (Matisse), and Rothko (Parsons). Leonid's exhibition seemed to me the best of many he has had in New York. And it proved that he has passed a difficult test for an artist dependent on the stimulus of existing reality. Trained in Paris, Leonid has developed over the patient years a lyric art of seascape whose focal point was the fishing villages of France, known to him by heart. But several years ago he moved to America and some of us waited rather anxiously to see whether he would find here an adequate substitute for the European seaside's ancient and intimate ritual between nature and man. We need not have worried. Of such American subjects as Port Jefferson and Provincetown Leonid has made once more his own elegiac world, serene, heartfelt, and deft.

Miró, I think, emerges more and more clearly as the most important painter of the European generation which began to make its mark right after the First World War. Twenty-four years younger than Matisse, twelve years Picasso's junior, Miró has evolved a marvelously fresh art from the visual revolution for which his two celebrated elders were largely responsible. As in the case of Delacroix and Ingres, it would be rank oversimplification to describe Matisse solely in terms of color, Picasso of line. Yet it was Matisse who in our era first gave color a new, autonomous vitality and it was Picasso who invented a calligraphy so powerful that its echoes slap between the walls of the world. Admiring both men, admired by them, Miró has used their discoveries as a point of departure for a thoroughly personal style in which tonal sensibility is fantastically acute, in which linear exuberance and wit are endlessly inventive. His show covered the decade 1933-43 and gave further proof of his leadership among painters of his age and tendency.

At Betty Parsons's gallery Mark Rothko showed large panels, their sole subject being broad areas of filmy color. I can scarcely remember an American exhibition of recent years which caused so much dissension among people interested in contemporary art. Nor was this a polite dispute. Those who disliked the pictures declared themselves insulted and complained specifically of a lack of humanist content. Those who liked them very much (and I was emphatically in this group) retorted that no one was forced or charged admission to see the show and added that the fifteenth-century concept of humanism cannot be applied, except sentimentally, to a twentieth-century world in which we are often propelled by "abstract" precepts and equations. (Leon Battista Alberti's 1,450 views on science or art are presumably of minimum use to the people at Oak Ridge.) At any rate, Rothko's new paintings, though completely nonfigurative, for me were compelling and moving; they had, I felt, a curious transcendental radiance. And I would like to live with one, to answer the question which people ask with an air of triumph, as if they were propounding a grave enigma instead of repeating a shopworn *bétise*.



Along toward February Catherine Viviano showed in her new gallery work by five members of the postwar Italian generation of painters—Afro, Cagli, Guttuso, Morlotti, and Pizzinato. Guttuso and Pizzinato ran off with the honors, though Afro's abstractions have a certain tender grace. I still think Guttuso the strongest young painter in Italy. But will he be able to hold off social-realist pressure from the Party of which he is an ardent member? I'm afraid not in view of photographs of his very recent paintings and of his banal drawing for the May Day issue of the Communist paper *l'Unità*. Certainly the example of Picasso's independence from Party esthetics (or anti-esthetics) will do him little good, for Picasso's stature gives him reluctant privileges.

The dominant figure in the art of present-day Italy is the sculptor Marino Marini, whose exhibition at the Buchholz Gallery evoked great public and critical enthusiasm. Indeed, with the exception of Henry Moore's 1946 retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art, it would be hard to think of another recent show of sculpture which laymen and professionals alike seemed to find so deeply moving. My own opinion of Marini's achievement has been given in this column several times and now, to fall happily into the dogmatic trap which the need for brevity invariably sets, I can only add that he seems to me the finest sculptor to have appeared anywhere during the past fifteen years.

WE OWE the Rose Fried Gallery a considerable debt for assembling a large retrospective show of the paintings of Francis Picabia, once one of the most discussed artists of the extreme avant garde in Paris and New York. It was Picabia, you will remember, who affixed a toy monkey to a canvas and called it a portrait of Cézanne. For this and more cerebral gestures against the weight of tradition, as much as by his paintings, he earned a prominent place. Then for a long time he dropped out of sight, except in the enthusiastic pages of Gertrude Stein. Unlike many members of the Dada movement, whose spirit he typified, he did not make the fertile transition into surrealism, but remained behind, aloof, mocking, painting still but painting very badly. To tell the truth, I can't see that he was ever a good painter or that his recent abstractions are the exciting new departure that his champions claim them to be. But he will always, I imagine, have a place as a vivid personality and as an effective catalyst of Dadaist insurrection. He invented much which other artists have used more convincingly, and Jean Arp declared in the foreword of Picabia's New York show: "The challenges and wisecracks in his paintings are innu-

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merable." So they are; I wish they were better expressed.

Picabia was among the first to admire machinery's precise forms, though usually in an ironic spirit for which the constructivists, adapting industrial materials to sculpture, substituted a painstaking austerity. That the constructivist tradition is still much alive is attested by one of the most remarkable works of art produced by a young American in many years—Richard Lippold's "Variation, No. 7," which was shown alone at the Willard Gallery in March. A beautifully thought out structure of slender metal bars and taut wires, the piece is in constant metamorphosis under changing conditions of light: lacy as a cobweb and lively as a diamond. It has, too, an intense inner vibration, to use a Fifty-seventh Street phrase which until this instance has always sent me racing to the nearest washbowl, green and heaving. With this sculpture-construction Lippold has moved into the select front rank of American artists, regardless of age.

One of the West Coast's leading artists, Rico Lebrun, showed his recent paintings and drawings at Jacques Seligmann's in April. An extremely fluent draftsman, Lebrun is less assured with color, and pictures which looked exciting in photographs proved disappointing in fact, with one or two notable exceptions. At the Downtown Gallery, Kuniyoshi showed paintings completed since his Whitney Museum retrospective of 1948. The best of these confirmed his standing as one of the very finest living American painters but a few of them veered disturbingly close to Ben Shahn, whose influence has spread like wildfire in recent years. At the Midtown Gallery, for example, Shahn's evocative realism was reflected in Henry Koerner's new pictures. But Koerner lacks Shahn's plastic discipline and whereas the latter gives truth the poetic impact of legend, the former is too often content with anecdote for its own bright-fading sake. I turned with relief from Koerner's hard, illustrative redundancy to the fluid eloquence of Balcomb Greene's paintings at the Bertha Schaefer Gallery. Once one of our best abstractionists, Greene has now evolved a half-representational use of molten color which I thought one of the most heartening accomplishments of the whole season. His "Execution" stood out in the big Whitney annual this year; his one-man show proved that this picture was typical of his new authority.

One of my blind spots, I'm sure, is modern Mexican art. I respect the late Clemente Orozco's diagonal structure (and wish it were less plain and repetitious), I know the historical im-

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portance of Rivera, and acknowledge Siqueiros's furious strength. But I do not, to be frank, like to look steadily or often at contemporary Mexican painting—except that of Rufino Tamayo. Tamayo's show at Knoedler's in late April was superb, with added richness of color and seemingly effortless invention of convincing theme.

Some of my colleagues were greatly impressed by the exhibition "Advancing French Art" at the Carré Gallery, which included leading members of the postwar Parisian generation. The pictures were often beautifully painted, I admit. But their lack of something vital to say seemed to me obvious by comparison with the paintings in the Janis Gallery's well-selected exhibition of such prewar figures as Ernst, Miró, Tanguy, Dali, and others. The show was entitled "Twentieth-Century Young Masters" and it reasserted the quality of the later School of Paris. And that New York may now be a more promising center of painting than Paris was suggested by the exhibition "Talent, 1950" assembled at the Kootz Gallery by Meyer Schapiro and Clement Greenberg. This show contained some absolutely terrible pictures, I think. But it also included works by Al Leslie, Robert Goodenough, and, above all, Harry Jackson, which were handsome and assured. The artists in the Kootz show are part of what is apparently to be christened by its adherents the "School of New York." More power to it! —JAMES THRALL SOBY.

Craftsmanship Before Genius

SIX CENTURIES OF FRENCH MASTER DRAWINGS IN AMERICA. By Regina Shoolman and Charles E. Slatkin. New York: Oxford University Press. 256 *pp.* $7.50.

By A. HYATT MAYOR

WE AMERICANS have liked French painting so much and for so long that some nineteenth-century painters can now be studied better in our collections than in France. But until recently we have liked paintings so much more than drawings that it comes somewhat as a surprise to see that American collections could yield the long, fine, and fairly continuous series of drawings that illustrate this book.

From the very first drawing, made about 1400, to the last, dated 1933, there is a sustained brilliance of execution, for the French have always believed (as Renoir put it) that learning to be a good craftsman does not make it impossible to become a genius. French artists have maintained such a consistent high level because a Frenchman regards himself as an individual disciplined by living in society, so that whatever he does must meet a certain intensity of criticism.

A comparable series of Italian drawings would show more surprises of genius and a greater variety of styles and invention because they would have been produced in a dozen very distinct cities, instead of one omnivorous center like Paris. But this concentration of life in the capital, with the consequent discipline brought to bear on inventiveness, was necessary for maintaining French art in its elegance. It is an elegance that never becomes mannered because it never loses contact with the brute facts of nature, as Charles Sterling explains in his clear introduction.

The editors have provided for both the casual reader—or looker—and the student by equipping each illustration with an informative commentary and an elaborate bibliography. This text is particularly useful because many of the drawings have been reproduced, if at all, in obscure sales catalogues or periodicals. The choice of the drawings is naturally something that no two people can be expected to agree on, any more than any two people can be expected to select the same poems for an anthology. Yet much as this reviewer misses certain favorites —Mrs. Loughlin's Fragonard of the "Homage to Gluck" and her Cochin portraits, the Walters Gallery's Daumiers, and much else—there are very few drawings (aside from some obviously ambitious misattributions) that he would like to eliminate. The series can be said to represent a great tradition without unfairness. The quality of the halftones varies from brilliant (for the most part) to a gray almost as sickly as the typical French or Italian halftone illustration. The unevenness was probably in the copy given to the photo-engraver. But the size of the plates is generous enough to include most of the important detail.

As one turns over these 145 pictures one cannot help tingling with the contact that they bring with the vivid achievements of Western man.

A. Hyatt Mayor is curator of prints at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

—From "Six Centuries of French Master Drawings in America."

Study for the painting "Mesdemoiselles Lerolle au Piano," by Pierre-Auguste Renoir.

Art Notes

VLAMINCK, PICASSO, DUFY, VAN GOGH, introduction by Maurice Raynol. Skira-Transbook. $3 *each.* These four portfolios of color reproductions, part of a newly introduced series, contain nine separately mounted prints each, plus one on the cover. The brief text consists of about a page of introduction, a chronology of the artist, and short notes on the plates. The

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latter measure roughly eight-by-ten inches, according to the proportions of the original.

Throughout the series the general plan of choosing paintings to reproduce is along chronological lines, starting with firstlings and skipping through to the present day where possible. It is a rational but somewhat arbitrary procedure, resulting not always in the happiest choice as is the case in the Picasso folder. One would prefer seeing more of the later periods since this work is neither a critical study nor a biography. There is, however, the virtue that they are not loaded with the too-often-quoted reproductions; in that there is the value of freshness. In all but one, Van Gogh is represented by paintings out of the last two years of his life. Taken out of the folders for purposes of interior decoration, the colors are very brilliant—for me they seem brightened quite an extent beyond the original. In some of the prints it may not be too objectionable but in several of the Dufy and Vlaminck plates, where the *tricolore* already predominates, the result is altogether too patriotic—perhaps even for a Frenchman.

CHARDIN, by Bernard Denoir. Harper & Bros. $2.50. Acquiring recognition and academy membership relatively early in life, Jean Baptiste Chardin (1699-1779) painted his way through the first eighty years of the eighteenth century. Besides a long life, he was rewarded by fame, relief from financial anxiety, and the high esteem of his fellow artists. After his death it was only as a "painter's painter" that his memory was sustained. In fact, 100 years later the De Goncourt brothers found it necessary to expostulate with the French public for neglecting him to the point where his pictures brought only forty francs at a sale. Since then, among others, Delacroix, Manet, and Matisse have studied him, which brings his influence to the present day.

The author, Mr. Denoir, critic on English newspapers, has managed to compress into eleven pages of text as instructive and evocative an introduction as can be found in any moderately priced art book. He has eschewed antiquarian fact and romantic incident for an objective study that lies within the scope of comprehension of the general reader, wisely including in the first few pages a summing up of the history of art collecting and the academy system in France.

This is the fourth item to appear in Harper's Masters of Painting series. As is customary in these books, there are thirty-nine well-chosen reproductions, eight in color.

—L. R. SANDER.

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IS HISTORY BUNK?

(*Continued from page 7*)

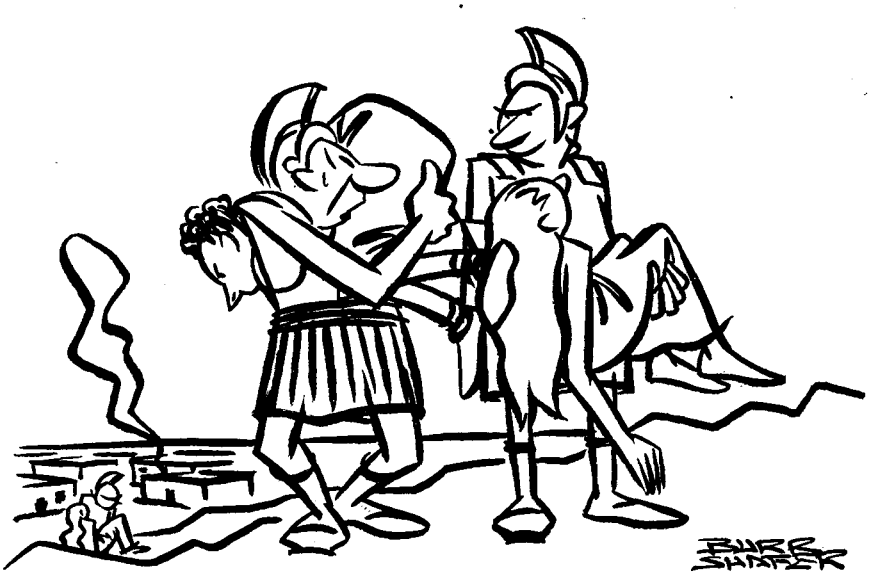
all were under the depression of momentous defeat. We watched the horizon for the ominous lines of smoke and the dim silhouettes of approaching warships. But they did not come. The morning passed and our bewilderment rose. Before noon the Turkish radio picked up the London communique. This told about the attack the day before and stated that because of inclement weather it was not being resumed that day. Inclement weather! The sea was as quiet as a pond; the sky was unclouded. So we knew the fleet might not come back at all. Incredible as it was, a great victory had been won and was being thrown away.

The Allies the day before had lost three battleships. I had seen two of them slowly sinking and watched through binoculars while the boats of the *Bouvet* rescued part of its crew, though 500 of them perished. The third ship had sunk in the night. It was these losses, heavy under any circumstances, that dominated the night council in the admiral's room in the *Suffren*. As Churchill tells the story these losses were baffling. The ships had not been sunk by gunfire. The waters had been scanned by airplanes for minefields which had not been seen; hence mines were not blamed. Therefore, it was concluded, they must have been sunk by torpedoes from some hidden land torpedo station. As this station had not been found it could not be destroyed; hence a return of the fleet was deemed inadvisable. The cost of a second day might be too great to justify the operation.

This was the calculation. But it was a miscalculation. The ships had been sunk by mines. A small, deep minefield had been laid beyond the narrows by a Turkish torpedo boat two weeks before in a night expedition about which I knew, so presumably many others at Chanak Kale may have known about it. But the Allied secret service did not know and could not have had effective agents among the many Levantines in this region. That may have been no delinquency on the part of Naval Intelligence. But the failure of Allied planes to see the minefield proved to be the hub on which a momentous destiny turned. Not that the planes should have seen the minefield. That would have been impossible; it lay too deep. But at that time no one knew that a plane could not see the deepest laid minefield. It was assumed it could see every kind. This assumption, which so easily might have been tested and found false, ruled the thinking of all navies; hence the midnight council in the *Suffren*. If the pioneers in the use of the air arm by navies had known they could not be sure about seeing every minefield from the air, sweepers would have been sent out next morning as a matter of routine before operations were resumed and certainly before they were abandoned. Had that been done the field would have been found and then the straits would have been forced. So one may speculate about what a difference it would have made to nearly every member of the human race if some forceful enough teacher had inculcated in those pioneer airmen the homely lesson that a truth that can be proved should not be assumed to be true without proof. But this lesson was not taught, and World War I, as historians so convincingly write, had to drag on because of geography, the equilibrium of forces, and the stubborn nature of trench warfare. Indeed, the Turkish trenches on Gallipoli held off the intrepid Allied infantry that took over the Churchill strategy after the Navy had given it up. Europe bled nearly to death in Flanders, France, and Russia before the war ended. That is history. But need it have been? Who can say?

ANOTHER instance comes to mind in which history was not made as it has been accepted. This is the story of the Brussels conference of 1937, which perhaps was the last opportunity the Western Powers had to make an effective stand against aggression, sure of the support of the Soviet Union. I have written elsewhere about this conference (*Atlantic Monthly* Feb. 1947, "How We Lost the Peace in 1937") on the basis of information given me by Norman Davis, the American plenipotentiary at Brussels. The night before sailing for the conference he spent with President Roosevelt at Hyde Park working out the final plans for joint action with the British—and if possible with all signatories of the Nine Power Treaty—to call a halt to the Japanese in Manchuria. The course mapped out did not go beyond diplomatic action, but that implied more, and it would have shown that Western indifference to aggression after Manchuria and Ethiopia had come to an end. The British had been primed and were prepared to support American leadership. Litvinov was still the Soviet Foreign Secretary seeking the cooperation of the West against Fascism. But though Mr. Davis went off in high hopes to participate in what might well be a great historic event, by the time he arrived in Europe he found his instructions canceled and he was ordered to do nothing at Brussels that would entail American initiative to curb Japan. The Brussels conference thereupon faded into insignificance and nothing effective was done despite a private warning to Mr. Davis by Mr. Litvinov that this might be the last chance to to have Russian support.

The Brussels conference nowadays hardly gets a thought in the study of the coming of World War II. But if the plans laid by President Roosevelt and Mr. Davis had been carried out it might well have been starred as the opening of an era of peace based on justice. Surely the reasons for the unexpected cancellation of Mr. Davis's instructions deserve a telling. They deserve it not only because of their



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I had no idea these Sabine women were so heavy."

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consequences but because they are a striking example of obscure, unanticipated, and dissociated happenings changing a country's behavior.

The reason the United States did not press forward at Brussels to implement President Roosevelt's famous quarantine speech, made a few months before, was not primarily one of foreign policy. It was the business recession of 1937. This had suddenly become formidable, or had been brought to the attention of President Roosevelt for the first time as being formidable, in the week between Mr. Davis's departure and his arrival in Europe. The President realized that it spelled stormy domestic weather. He also knew a policy to curb Japan would arouse antagonism at home; the reception of the quarantine speech had shown that. He felt he could not face the two storms simultaneously. The recession could not be turned off like water in a tap; the policy planned for Brussels could be and it was.

So the explanation of losing perhaps the last great opportunity to avert the war must take account of the business recession of 1937 and what produced it. As it was brought on in all probability by the too rapid application of the brakes devised in Washington to keep control over the rapid expansion of business, one can assume that inexperience and uncertainty in handling this untried credit mechanism had far-reaching consequences undreamed by the men responsible for it. They not only produced a business setback but prevented international action to halt aggression. Obviously the men at the Treasury and the Federal Reserve Board are not to blame for what happens in foreign affairs. But unless history is to be only an attribution of blame it should give at least the dramatic sequences of human actions which lead to disaster even if innocence is the nature of the whole sequence. If that is the way the last opportunity to save the peace was lost that is part of the history of the coming of the war and should be told. It is not enough simply to fill the pages with the misdeeds of the Nazi, Italian, and Japanese warlords.

Other instances of how history came to be what it is and how one turning and not another was taken could be recounted by anyone with any substantial knowledge of events. Tolstoy well knew it and instead of saying that history is bunk he wrote "War and Peace." (Had Henry Ford read it?) Even ordinary newspaper readers during the war can think of exciting examples. There is the story of the girl in the Photographic Department of the British Air Force who detected something suspicious in photographs of the North German coast. Her eyes could not decipher the evidence but she saw something new. This something was the testing grounds and factories of the V-1 bombs at Peenemunde. They were heavily bombed and production of V-1's (and so of the far worse V-2's) was set back six months. Had there been no delay, the shelling of all Southern English ports and concentration points would have made impossible the invasion of Normandy and victory in 1945.

THE Normandy invasion hung by a thread at other times. The slightest turn of the weather one stormy night sufficiently encouraged General Eisenhower to launch the attack whereas the prudent wait of a day would have meant postponement for a month. A month's difference would have meant far better defenses on the Rhine later on and a sure prolongation of the war.

The Normandy invasion hung by a thread when the Nazis found on the body of a slain American officer the papers giving in detail the whole invasion plan, in particular the intention to use no other landing place than the beaches. The priceless papers went to German headquarters and had they been properly appraised the fifteen crack divisions Hitler was holding to repel the expected invasion of the Pas de Calais coast would have been hurled at once against the thin Allied bridgehead with perhaps fatal consequences. Fortunately, the papers encountered only complete incredulity.

To this day the success of the artificial harbors enabling a huge army and its gear to be landed in Normandy without possession of a modern port has not been warmly enough appreciated. It made the surprise of the landing possible and without the surprise there might have been no victory, certainly not at so low a cost.

By now the Allied victory is enscrolled in all minds and so luminously that not many remember the little events they once knew about which contributed to it and are grateful and touched with awe that they turned out so well. If the victory was destined and the little happenings had to conform to some great, inscrutable intent, human reason can be forgiven if it fails to understand the devices of Providence. Such things are indeed

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stupendous and mysterious. But if this is the way history is made the historians fail to say so and substitute for a whole story a partial account that on analysis is much more unreasonable than a belief in divine interference. If history is made not only by the Deity but also by free men cooperating with or failing to cooperate with the Deity, the historian who does not take account of the choices and decisions of all who affect and shape history is not unfolding the full truth. To this thought the historian can retort that the canvas is not vast enough for such a recital. He can say the trends and motives, the economic and moral forces are veritable and his presentation is legitimate. But the fact remains that what he presents as the world of reality is only the world as it happened to be and there might have been innumerable other worlds, all of the same materials and all equally real. To this the historian can say: "So what?" But it would not be an intelligent answer.

What is needed (certainly by me) is a more satisfying philosophy of history. Neither a Heaven-devised destiny nor a recording of trends and forces seems sufficient. History is made by innumerable entities acting independently. How they come to produce it is an exciting story to tell, and gives the historian one of the most favored of tasks. But unless he learns somehow to combine the small with the large, and at any rate imply some vaster pattern than any he now discerns, he is not accepting all his opportunities. Not that he should point up the power of destiny more than he does; if anything, he should question what passes for destiny much more carefully than he does. For if the full history is destiny it surpasses for wonder anything historians usually tell.

Since history is made by innumerable entities acting independently, the record of it as usually written, if not bunk, is utterly inadequate in probing the mysteries of causation. And if the contribution of a single, obscure, uncelebrated person can change history for better or for worse, as we have seen, the challenge to the individual to live his life earnestly by his best light is overwhelming. Who has not felt utterly inconsequential as a mote in the vast amphitheatre of world affairs? A wiser writing of history would not justify anyone thus to disparage his own life or abandon one whit of his individual responsibility as a member of the human race.

Raymond Swing, author, lecturer, and radio commentator, was Berlin correspondent for the Chicago Daily News *during World War I.*

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As collectors know to their cost and delight, we are in the midst of a fantastic boom in LP record production. Dozens of new companies are issuing LP records in floods; material to last this column a year is now waiting—and more piles in daily. The boom is welcome enough musically and it is a delight to see so many heretofore untouchable areas of music brought to fine recording. But things are getting out of hand; the number of records is now wholly beyond reason. Slackening has not yet begun, though prices are crumbling; buyers are satiated, unable to keep up with the bewildering wealth of new offerings. LP is heading for a dangerous crash if production continues at present headlong speed. Things will be tough, soon. Therefore—*warning *to LP makers: quality before quantity if you would survive next year! Unusual music of real value, in top performance, is the bet for LP.*

THE BAROQUE CONCERTO—WITH CORRECT INSTRUMENTATION

CORELLI: "CHRISTMAS CONCERTO" (Concerto Grosso #8 in G mi.) Vienna Chamber Orch. A. Hiller. Renaissance LP: REY LP 10 (10")	Nice, warm acoustics, the (now) usual excellent wide-range LP sound, probably tape. Could be better separation of solos and tutti.	The present LP deluge fills specialized categories like this to overflowing. Of these only the "Christmas" concerto is well known—a fine haul of "new" music. The "Christmas" is melodiously played, fine toned, a bit slowish. The two Vivaldis, both new, are remarkable. "Dresden" includes winds in tutti, a most novel effect; "Senza Cantin" has strikingly original pedal-point harmonies, unusual vl. figuration. Sammartini's late-Baroque concerto has colorful C.P.E. Bach-like harmony, a splendid piece beautifully played; the Pergolesi is a melodious trifle, the Corelli #9 good-humored, light-textured ("da camera").
VIVALDI: "CONCERTO FOR THE DRESDEN ORCHESTRA" (F.XII, #3); CONCERTO IN D MI. "SENZA CANTIN" (F.I, #11). Louis Kaufman, vl. Paris Nat. Symph., Désormière. Capitol 45, 78: 8076 (3)	Dry, rather dead recording, lacking brilliance—quite unlike most Capitol-Telefunken work. Bassoon seems too close, otherwise a good balance—but this is below par. (LP later.)	
SAMMARTINI: CONCERTO GROSSO #4, OP. 11. PERGOLESI: TRIO SONATA WITH STRING ORCH. CORELLI: CONCERTO GROSSO #9. Vienna Symphony, R. Moralt. Westminster LP: WL 50-9	Excellent recording, from tape, with slightly closer sound than "Christmas" concerto above, a better balance between solos and tutti, a clear distinction at all times. Couldn't be better.	
BACH: CONCERTO IN D MINOR. a) Frank Pelleg, harps. Strings of Israel Philharmonic, Gruenschlag. Period LP: SPLP 509 b) Joseph Szigeti, violin. New Friends of Music Orch., Stiedry. Columbia LP: ml 4286 (½)	The Israel recording (tape) is on the dead side; instruments rather too close. Excellent wide-range recording but acoustically not up to others, above. The old Szigeti, now transferred to LP, is dullish in highs, otherwise fine.	The familiar "piano" concerto in its two alternatively correct versions. (Szigeti's violin one is an accepted reconstruction.) Israel-Pelleg is a bit pounding, hard, not well shaped; Stiedry-Szigeti is more musical throughout. Both very listenable.

MORE BACH—SOLO

BACH: FOUR DUETS (Clavieruebung). Frank Pelleg, harps. Period LP: SPLP 509 (with D mi. Concerto, above).	Harpsichord rather close but sound is well reproduced, wide range.	This addendum to D minor Concerto LP, above, is excellent—harpsichord makes the two-part music sound full and rich. Good registration.
BACH: SONATA #5 IN C (Unaccompanied). Jos. Szigeti, violin. Columbia LP: ml 4286 (½) (with D minor Concerto, above)	The solo violin is given gorgeous, big acoustical setting, making the work sound as big as it actually is, yet with sharp "edge," too.	Szigeti's good phrasing, unerring sense of pitch, and implied harmony put his playings of these works in class by themselves. But tempi are erratic.
BACH: SONATA #1 in G MINOR, SONATA #2 IN A MINOR (Unaccompanied). Alexander Schneider, violin. Mercury LP: MG 10017	Not as large a sound as Szigeti's, but acoustics are warm; effect is plenty good. High end seems "flat," non-pre-emphasized.	As accurate as Szigeti in pitch and harmony sense, tempi much better; but somehow Szigeti goes deeper. Even so, these (part of complete series) are highly recommended. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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ATTRACTIVE LADY, ex-model, governess, skilled handling children, seeks employment. Box 673-C.

OXFORD GENTLEMAN offers services as driver for party touring Europe. Extensive contacts in Europe. French, German, Italian spoken. References. C/o Crawford, U.S. Embassy, London.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE. Helen Trimpe, 342 Madison Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 2-5330.

YOUNG WOMAN, inhibited by "THEY" and Society's pettiness, desires an outlet for unconventional and unvoiced ideas through stimulating correspondence. Box 628-C.

OVER-EDUCATED EX-RANCHHAND, now boning for bar examination, which he'll no doubt bust, wants sympathy, encouragement; probably needs kick in pants. If you can give any of foregoing, send to: Box 627-C.

YOUNG MAN likes music, hiking, literature, invites female correspondence. Box 629-C.

MEXICO—Editorial, publicity, photography, business, individual assignments executed. Box 630-C.

YOUNG MAN desires position, secretary, tutor. Travel preferred. Graduate top university. Excellent academic and personal references. Box 631-C.

FOR SALE: Pre-Revolutionary house, 8 rooms, 2 baths, 3 fireplaces, Dutch oven, hand hewn beams, chestnut paneling, insulated, oil heat, 2 car barn, chicken house, 93 acres, part cleared, mostly wooded, very isolated yet within reach good schools. $16,000. Other interesting properties in northeastern Connecticut. Percy Crawford, Hampton, Conn.

RELIABLE YOUNG WOMAN wishes passage to England in return for care of children, elderly lady or invalid. References furnished. Box 634-C.

YOUNG LADY, amazed at her daring, invites correspondence. Box 635-C.

UNIVERSITY MAN, intelligent, animated, worldly, desires correspondence with young woman. Box 636-C.

NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE, tennis, riding, golf, library. 6 colonial rooms, 1½ baths, for rent, July 8-Sept. 8, $300. Box 637-C.

DESIRE PARISIAN to read manuscript with Paris background. Box 638-C.

RENT COTTAGES, FIRE ISLAND. Opposite Patchogue. Furman, 287 North Ocean, Patchogue 1966.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN, very lonely because of deafness, will welcome exchange of letters with intelligent correspondents of either sex. Box 642-C.

COLLEGE GRADUATE, 25, (female) employed school social worker, seeks summer employment. Box 643-C.

A MATURE GENTLEMAN desires correspondence with young ladies. Box 644-C.

COLLEGE GIRL, art major, desires summer position instructing painting. Box 645-C.

FORMER LADY MARINE seeks correspondence with man she "freed to fight". Box 647-C.

MALE, whose hobby is sailboating, seeks feminine correspondent similarly interested. Box 648-C.

GIRL COLLEGE GRADUATE desires travel as humorous companion to Europe or anywhere. Best references. Box 651-C.

MALE, somewhat introverted, bookish, seeks wider intellectual horizons through diverse correspondents. Box 652-C.

GOING TO NYC? Live at one of NYC's truly great hotels. Live in luxury at budget prices . . . your choice of 7, 3-day all expense week-ends from $9.39 per person, includes large twin-bedded room with private bath, breakfast in bed or in famed Palm Garden, also night club and other entertainment or sightseeing tours. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave. at 34 St., NYC.

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(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from Page 41)

FOR RENT: July and August, comfortable apartment, East 60's, near Park. Complete kitchen, desk and typewriter, television. $125. Ideal for 2 summer session students. Call: NYC, TEmpleton 8-7614, evenings or write: Box 674-C.

WRITER, background 18 highly successful years free-lancing theatre, radio, fiction, solicits challenging writing assignments. Fee or royalty basis. Box 671-C.

SINCERE, MATURE, middle-aged gentleman invites feminine correspondence. Box 672-C.

TIRED OF IRRESPONSIBLE TENANTS? Magazine editor, single woman, top references, wants modern, attractive, unfurnished 3 rooms, apartment or private house. Lower Fifth Ave. only. NYC. Rent about $125. PLaza 9-1000, extension 201, weekdays. PResident 4-2964 weekends.

COLUMBIA GRADUATE will board and tutor children during summer in the heart of Vacationland. Tutoring guaranteed. Grades through college. References. Cottage, also, for rent. Write: M.I.W., 212 Washington St., Newaygo, Mich.

BETHEL—FARMHOUSE & 80 ACRES: Charming, old, reconditioned; in remote Vermont hills; water, no electricity. Simply but adequately furnished. Ideal artist, writer or family. $4,500, terms. Write or telephone: Stefansson, Bethel, Vt.

LOG CABIN FOR SALE: Connecticut, 5 rooms, beautifully furnished, all conveniences, porch, garage, lake, private beach, ideal for writer, very reasonable. Box 667-C.

YOUNG WOMAN, European traveler, enjoys sports, bored with everyday routine, desires correspondence with intelligent gentlemen. Box 668-C.

YOUNG SCHOOLTEACHER, would like interesting summer job. Experienced as resort waitress. Box 669-C.

FOR SALE: Quaint 200-year-old Nantucket cottage on ocean bluff, 6 rooms, furnished with 40-odd antiques, studio barn. $6,500. Box 670-C.

OUR LONG-LOVED FIELDS. Woods, mountain trails, brooks, and completely equipped house available for children's joy, parents' repose—1 month, longer. Southern Vermont. Reasonable. Snapshots, information. Box 46, Lincoln, Mass.

PARIS TO ITALY—male, 30, would like share car expenses starting first week July. Box 654-C.

NANTUCKET—We need 4-bedroom house, August. Adults. Excellent references. Box 655-C.

LADY, musical, enthusiastic, varied interests, invites male correspondence. Box 656-C.

SUMMER JOB: Yale scientist, 33, tutor, companion, what have you? Some time for personal writing. Wide interests. Box 657-C.

GIBBON TO PIGMY PROFILES. Humor round the clock. 3 dimes. 3 pamphlets. Harold Chumbly, Box 659-C.

YOUNG MAN seeks correspondence with lady of any age. Box 660-C.

CHARMING, YOUNG, INTELLIGENT FEMALE desires correspondence with male counterpart. Box 661-C.

I'M LOST. Can you help me find my niche in life? My present position has me overworked and underpaid. Aside from public relations, office management, lecturing and being a Man Friday to a busy executive; I have also done radio announcing, technical display layouts, and various chores without remuneration. I'm married, serious, college graduate, 29 years of age and a veteran. Can you use a lost but exacting soul who is tired of NOT using his brains? I still have a few ideas left. Box 662-C.

"THEY THAT go down to the sea in ships . . . these see the works of the Lord" (Psalm 107:23). Different, real vacation by withdrawing from confusion of present "Civilization" and sharing enjoyment, duties and expense, chartering fine auxiliary sailing yacht for 1-2 week cruise along New England coast. Cost well under $100 per week. Any sex, age group (3-6 persons). Am also holepfully looking for shipmates (4-5); another 3-week cruise among tropical, Bahamian (British West Indies) islands, August or next winter. Cost about $300. Leave from Florida. Correspondence invited. Prompt response. Please elucidate background, vocation, age. H. Van Lent Baay, Marblehead, Mass.

LAW STUDENT, 29, cultured, broad-minded, personable, desires employment for summer or longer as secretary, companion, chauffeur, for lady or small group. Box 690-C.

PERSONALS

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CULTURED, middle-aged, youthful woman, happy constructive philosophy, diversified interests, including metaphysics, related subjects, natural foods; music—nature lover; invites correspondence middle-aged sincere gentleman. Box 491-C.

MALE WRITER stuck for funds to finish novel. Seeks no Maecenas, but interesting full or part-time work. Box 529-C.

FOR ROUGHING IT—small, new, attractively furnished (pine, bookshelf-lined) cabin, 5 acres, 700' large state, stocked trout brook, swimming pool. Stable nearby. Newtown, Conn. Weekly, weekends. Box 364-C.

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APARTMENT IN NYC. 3 pleasant airy rooms overlooking large garden. Furnished. July-Aug. $95. month. Dr. Smith, 446 East 66 St., NYC. REgent 7-1782.

WRITER, male, 30, wants country life, good outdoors, secluded place to work for 3 summer months. Anything inexpensive: room, board, share cabin, etc. Box 680-C.

APARTMENT-SHARER wanted by business girl, 26, college graduate. 4 rooms, Manhattan, reaosnable. References preferred. LExington 2-4405, 6 P.M. Box 681-C.

PROGRESSIVELY-MINDED, intelligent woman desires to correspond with intelligent male. Box 682-C.

YOUNG MAN would correspond with girl, younger, having varied interests, as: philosophy, sciences, social studies, languages, arts. Box 114-C.

ISOLATED FIRE ISLAND beach house available rent-free July & Aug. to congenial two or threesome in exchange for conscientious assistance in household chores of nearby mother of 2. No shirkers please. Box 686-C.

My latest book "WRITERS HERE'S YOUR BONUS" brings checks to hundreds! $1 postpaid. Eloise Cozens, New Smyrna Beach, Fla.

PUBLISHER OF A NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL MAGAZINE, 70, wishes to retire. Publication has served the school profession longer than any other periodical in America. Ideal for intellectual couple. Suitable candidate can take over $3,500, with help from retiring publisher as long as necessary. For details and sample copies write: MAY BROTHERS, Publication Brokers, Binghamton, N. Y.

WILL EDUCATED, older man correspond with refined woman? Box 688-C.

CONSCIENTIOUS GIRL, M.A. in English, writes intelligently, needs job beginning summer, fall. Box 687-C.

IMAGINATIVE MALE wants to be "job-happy." Excellent background in all office routine—records, correspondence, typing, etcetera. Personable, friendly, and neat. Enjoys dogs, children, and octegenarians—also good-natured bosses. Well suited for the small office, or that "unusual" job. Write, won't you? Box 689-C.

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KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vt. High in the Green Mountains. Private swimming, sports. Restful, informal. Library. Delicious meals. Adults only. Reasonable. Folder.

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A SMALL HOMEY WESTERN RANCH? Write: The Patons, Shell, Wyoming.

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL: 1,000 acre farm Green Mountains, brooks, Lucullan food. Brandon, Vt.

QUIET CAPE COD sea-port village. Agreeable beachside inn. 50 people, writers, artists, thoughtful people. Beautiful harbor, view, cool. Booklet BREAKWATER HOTEL, Woods Hole, Mass.

LIVE LIKE EISENHOWER and CHURCHILL—paint to relax. Art center, Playhouse, resort hotel. Private beach. June 26. Highfield on Cape Cod, Falmouth, Mass.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 845

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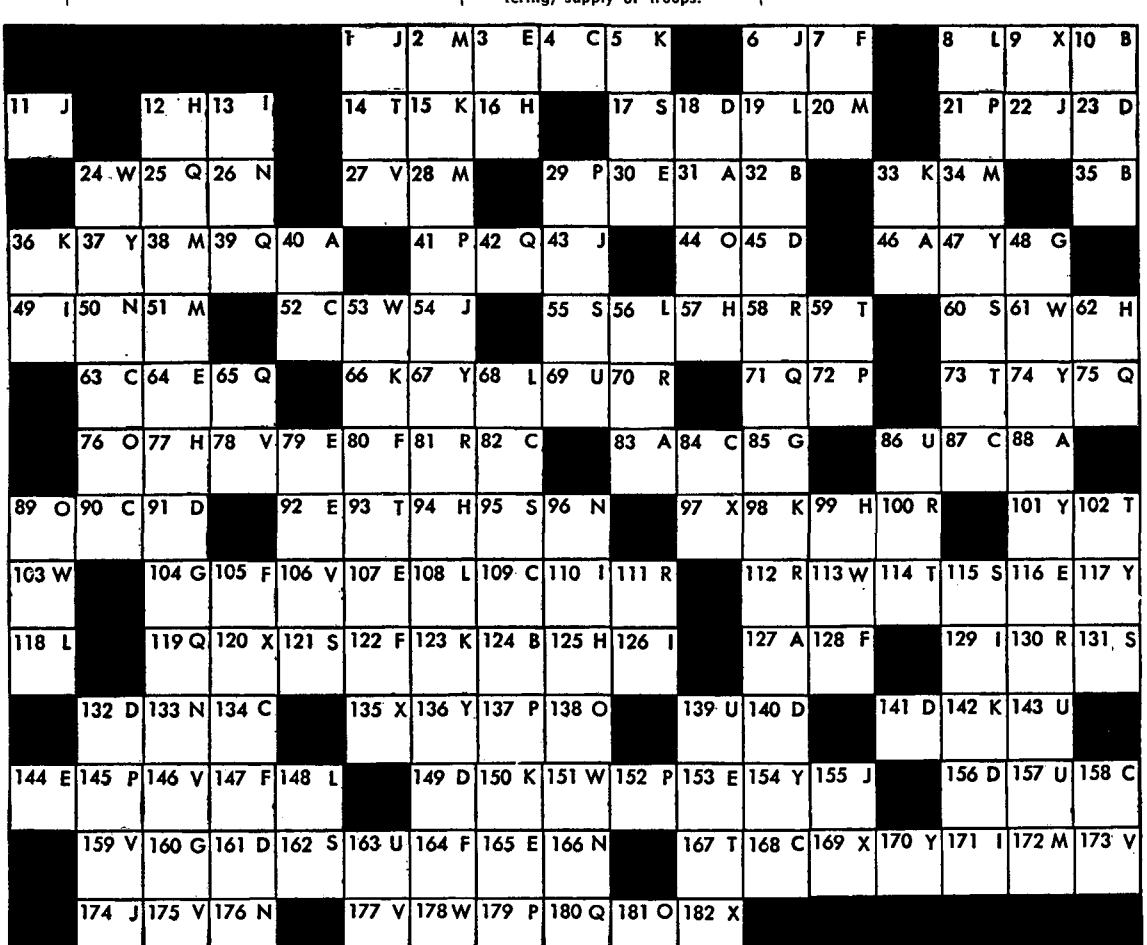
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Vice President of U.S., 1889-93; governor of N. Y. 1895-97.	40 83 88 46 127 31
B. Any flatfishes.	32 10 124 35
C. Broiled on skewers (French).	134 84 109 82 87 4 90 168 52 63 158
D. Hurried (It. music direction).	149 140 45 23 91 141 156 161 132 18
E. Fine brown-glazed stoneware named for place in England.	116 92 79 165 30 153 107 64 3 144
F. Oldest of the three sons of Levi (Bib.).	122 105 128 7 80 147 164
G. Domestic slave of a certain class (Anglo-Saxon).	85 48 104 160
H. A faction in Lilliput (see Word K; 2 wds.).	57 125 12 94 99 77 16 62
I. Parliamentary commander who signed warrant for execution of Charles I.	171 126 13 129 110 49
J. A noun having three cases only (gram.).	11 43 6 1 174 22 155 54
K. The other faction in Lilliput (See Word H; 2 wds.; "Gulliver's Travels").	98 33 150 142 123 5 36 15 66
L. "League" of young Methodists, founded in Cleveland, Ohio, 1889.	56 19 8 68 148 118 108
M. A relaxing, as of strained relations between nations (French).	38 28 51 20 172 34 2
N. Mountain range in central Greece, used by the Titans (Gr. myth.).	50 26 133 96 176 166
O. A piece of gossip (Fr. phrase).	181 76 138 44 89
P. Sweepings; rubbish.	179 152 21 29 137 145 41 72
Q. Suitable; apt; fit.	71 180 39 119 65 42 25 75
R. Minor character in "The Merchant of Venice."	100 81 111 130 58 70 112
S. Thus.	60 17 115 162 55 121 131 95
T. Natural abode of a plant or animal (biol.).	59 114 167 102 73 14 93
U. Highest point in State of Georgia; "Brasstown Bald."	143 86 139 69 163 157
V. Applied to cream containing not less than 30 per cent of butterfat.	27 175 106 159 177 78 146 173
W. The wife of David's old age (Bib.).	151 24 61 103 53 178 113
X. Prolixity.	135 120 182 169 97 9
Y. Branch of military art embracing details of transport, quartering, supply of troops.	37 136 170 47 154 101 74 67 117

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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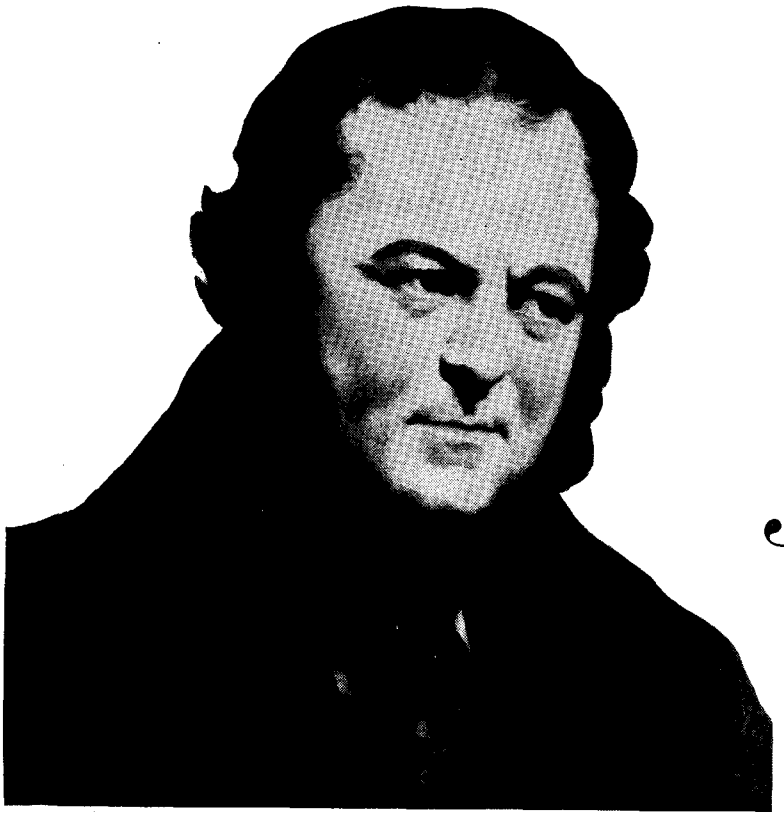

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